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HYMNS

FOR

THE VESTRY

AND

FIRESIDE.

“Devotion borrows Music’s tone,
And Music takes Devotion’s wing;
Then, like the bird that hails the sun,
They soar to heaven, and, soaring, sing.”

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BY

C. E. HAMMETT, JR.,
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HYMNS.

I. WORSHIP.

1.

C. P. M.

H. MORE.

The Love of God.

- 1 My God, thy boundless love I praise !
How bright on high its glories blaze !
How sweetly bloom below !
It streams from thine eternal throne ;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distill ;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
- 3 But in the gospel it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravish'd breast ;
There, love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.
- 4 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude ;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

2.

C. M.

STEELE.

Goodness of God.

- 1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise ;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

3.

C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS

Lord, what is Man ?

- 1 JEHOVAH, Lord of power and might,
How glorious is thy name !
The blaze of day—the pomp of night,
Thy majesty proclaim.
- 2 Lord, what is man—weak, sinful man—
That he thy care should prove ;
That thou for him should'st deign to plan
Such mighty acts of love !
- 3 Made in thine image at his birth—
Next to the heavenly host,
And sovereign of the new-formed earth,
Each privilege he lost.

4 Then did the pitying Savior leave
The glories of the sky,—
Oh ! love too wondrous to conceive !
For sinful man to die,—

5 To die, that we, by grace restored,
Might life and glory claim—
O great Creator, Savior, Lord,
How excellent thy name !

A. L. P. M. MOORE.

All things are of God.

1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee :
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beams delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through opening vistas into heaven ;
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes ;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower that summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye :
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

5.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

My Father.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim ;
Nor, when I raise my guilty head,
Disdain a father's name.
- 2 My Father—God ! how sweet the sound !
How tender—and how dear !
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart ;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe ;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry ;
Nor can the sign deceive.

6.

C. M.

SCOTT.

God almighty and omnipresent.

- 1 GREAT God, thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers ;
With awe profound my wondering soul
Falls prostrate, and adores.
- 2 To be encompassed round with God,
The holy and the just ;
Armed with omnipotence to save.
Or crumble me to dust—
- 3 O, how tremendous is the thought !
Deep may it be impressed !
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast !

- 4 Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread ;
And thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
Of glory on my head.

7. C. M. DR. THOMSON.

God's gracious Power.

- 1 JEHOVAH, God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see ;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee ?
- 2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our journey lead,
Thine arm our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon—till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see ;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend ;
In every age—in every clime,
Our father and our Friend.

S. L. M. SCOTT.

Praise for sparing Mercy.

- 1 God of my life, to thee belong
The grateful heart, the joyful song ;
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

- 2 Thou hast preserved my fleeting breath,
And chased the gloomy shades of death.
'The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
While God, our great deliverer's nigh.
- 3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found?
- 4 Still let the barren fig-tree stand,
Upheld and fostered by thy hand;
And let its fruit and verdure be
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.
- 5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
Through life—and in the arms of death,
My soul, the pleasant theme prolong;
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

9.

C. M.

MEGINBOTHAM.

The Vicissitudes of Life.

- 1 In all thy mercies may my soul
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.
- 2 Teach me in time of deep distress
To own thy hand, my God,
And in submissive silence hear
The lessons of thy rod.
- 3 In every varying mortal state,
Each bright, each gloomy scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

- 4 Then shall I close mine eyes in death,
Without one anxious fear ;
For death itself is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

10. S. M. WATTS.

God's Compassion.

- 1 THE pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 2 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd by every breath ;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the fie'
It withers in an hour.
- 4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

11. C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

Safety in God.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who in his succor trust.

- 3 O make but trial of his love !
 Experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.
- 4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear ;
 Make you his service your delight,
 He'll make your wants his care.

12.

L. M. MME. GUION,

The peace of God.

- 1 O Thou, by long experience tried,
 Near whom no grief can long abide ;—
 My Lord, how full of sweet content
 My years of pilgrimage are spent.
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove
 To souls impressed with sacred love ;
 In heaven, on earth, or on the sea,
 Where'er they dwell, they dwell with thee.

13.

C. M. CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 FAITHFUL, O Lord, thy mercies are ;
 A rock that cannot move :
 A thousand promises declare
 Thy constancy of love.
- 2 Throughout the universe it reigns,
 It stands forever sure ;
 And while thy truth, O God, remains,
 Thy goodness shall endure.

14.

C. M. BURDEN.

- 1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
 And lift your souls above ;
 Let every heart and voice accord,
 To sing, that God is love.

- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
'To show, that God is love.
- 3 Behold his loving-kindness waits,
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
'To teach them, God is love.
- 4 And oh that you, whose hardened hearts
No fears of hell can move,
May hear the Gospel's milder voice—
'That tells you, God is love.
- 5 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove ;
Till warmer hearts—in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love.

15.

8s & 7s.

BOWRING.

God is Love.

- 1 God is love ; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens :
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays, and ages move ;
But his mercy waneth never ;
God is Wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove ;
From the gloom his brightness streameth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above :
Everywhere his glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

16.

C. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

God is Love.

- 1 AMID the splendors of thy state,
O God, thy love appears,
Soft as the radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.
- 2 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,
In every work thy hands have framed,
Thy love supremely shines.
- 3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thine awful name ;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.
- 4 Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,
And all with holy transport sing
That God the Lord is love.

17.

L. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

What is man, that thou art mindful of him ?

- 1 CHILD of the earth ! O lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse ;
Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,
That sparkle through the shades of night :—
- 1 What then art *thou*, O child of clay !
Amid creation's grandeur, say ?
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop, lost in seas !
- 3 Yet fear thou not !—the sovereign hand
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath, e'en for thee, a father's care.

18.

L. M.

BRYANT.

The world is full of God.

- 1 ALL that in this wide world we see,
Almighty Father, speaks of thee;
And in the darkness, or the day,
Thy monitors surround our way.
- 2 Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each blessing of the passing hour,
All we enjoy, and all we love,
Bring with them blessings from above.

19.

C. M.

FAWCETT.

The Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 THY way, O Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.
- 2 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:—
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?
- 1 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

20.

L. M.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Praise.

- 1 THOU, Lord, art light; thy native ray,
No shade, no variation knows;
To our dark souls thy light display,
The glory of thy face disclose.

2 Thou Lord, art love ; the fountain thou,
Whence mercy unexhausted flows ;
On barren hearts, O shed it now,
And make the desert bear the rose.

3 So shall our every power to thee
In love and holy service rise ;
Yea, body, soul, and spirit be
Thine ever-living sacrifice.

21.

11s.

DRUMMOND.

A voice from the desert.

1 A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill,
The Lord is advancing—prepare ye the way ;
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.

2 Bring down the proud mountain, tho' towering
to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high ;
The rough path and crooked, be made smooth
and even,
For Zion, your King, your Redeemer is nigh.

3 The beams of salvation his progress illumine,
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her God,
The rose and the myrtle shall suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spread its branches abroad.

22.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Advent.

1 HARK ! the glad sound ! the Savior comes,
The Savior promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes—from thickest fims of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eyes oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.

3 He comes—the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

23.

C. M.

ANON.

1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue-depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems sing—
"Peace to the earth—good will to men,
From heaven's Eternal King!"

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Savior now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

24.

L. M.

H. K. WHITE.

The Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks;
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose;
It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem.

25.

C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The guiding Star.

- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo ! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to his abode.
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

3 O haste to follow where it leads ;
The gracious call obey ;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

5 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given ;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven .

26.

11. 16s.

HEBER.

The infant Saviour.

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gold would his favor secure :
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor !

27.

8 7 & 4s. MONTGOMERY.

Call to worship the new-born Savior.

- 1 ANGELS! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night ;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the heavenly light :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.
- 3 Saints! before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.
- 4 Sinners! bowed in true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

28.

L. M.

CAMPBELL.

The nativity.

- 1 ZION lift thy raptured eye,
The long expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The prince of Salem comes to reign.

- 2 See, mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to those that mourn !
Behold, she binds with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair !
- 3 He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart ;
Again the Day-Star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.

29.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a child is born ;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.
- 2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty—and wear
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful—names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ th' incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.
- 4 Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to him the homage meet ;
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

30.

C. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Miracles of Christ.

- 1 JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away ?

- 2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
 And give the blind to see?—
 Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
 Have mercy, too, on me!
- 3 And didst thou pity mortal wo,
 And sight and health restore?—
 Oh pity, Lord, and save my soul,
 Which needs thy mercy more!
- 4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
 When sinking in the wave?—
 I perish, Lord!—oh, save my soul!
 For thou alone canst save.

31.

C. M.

WATTS.

Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly,
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

32.

C. M.

COWPER.

Sufficiency of the Atonement.

- 1 THERE is a fountain, filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 Since first, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
- 5 And when this feeble, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave—
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

33.

L. M.

STEELE.

Christ the Physician of the Soul.

- 1 Deep are the wounds which sin has made
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas ! is nature's aid ;
The work exceeds her utmost power.
- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found ?
And is no kind physician nigh,
'To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly ?
- 3 Yes, there's a great physician near ;
Look up, my fainting soul, and live !
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give !
- 4 See, in the Savior's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow !
'T is only that dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain—and heal thy wo.

34.

7s.

TOPLADY.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

- 1 Rock of ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of fear and sin the cure ;
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
'This for sin could not atone ;
'Thou must save, and thou alone :
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

35.

C. M.

- 1 "HAVE mercy, Lord—have mercy, Lord,"
The eager blind man cried :
The Saviour spoke the healing word—
The prayer was not denied.
- 2 The weary one in strength arose ;
The deaf was made to hear :
The Saviour bade the winds repose,
And wiped the widow's tear.
- 3 He wept in silence by the grave,
Then called the dead by name,
His arm had strength enough to save—
The dead arose and came.

- 4 Beyond these scenes of mortal wo
 The Saviour rose to dwell :
 But still he sees the tears that flow,
 The hearts with grief that swell.
- 5 Dear Saviour, still thy changeless love
 The contrite soul can heal ;
 Then shine upon us from above,
 And all thy love reveal.

36.

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away ;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.

37.

C. M.

STEELE.

Pity and Condescension of Christ.

- 1 THE Saviour ! Oh, what endless charms
 Dwell in that blissful sound !
 Its influence every fear disarms,
 And spreads delight around.

- 2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless wo.
- 3 Th' almighty Former of the skies,
Stoops to our vile abode ;
While angels view with wondering eyes.
And hail th' incarnate God.
- 4 How rich the depths of love divine !
Of bliss, a boundless store !
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine—
I cannot wish for more !
- 5 On thee alone my hope relies ;
Beneath thy cross I fall ;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all !

38.

L. M.

BOWRING.

The teaching of Jesus.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathering round,
The voice of Jesus filled the place !
- 2 From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke,
'To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling one immortal day.
- 3 Come, wanderers, to my father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !'
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

39.

L. M.

TAPPAN.

Gethsemane.

- 1 'Tis midnight—and on Olive's brow
The star is dimm'd that lately shone ;
'Tis midnight—in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight—and from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears ;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood ;
Yet he that bath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know ;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's wo.

40.

L. M.

WATTS.

Death and resurrection of Christ.

- 1 HE dies !—the Friend of sinners, dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
- 2 Ye saints, approach !—the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load ;
He gives his precious life for you
For you he sheds his precious blood.

- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree !
 The Lord of glory dies for men !—
 But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 Jesus, the dead, revives again !
- 4 The rising Saviour leaves the tomb ;
 Up to his Father's court he flies ;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns,
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the tyrant death in chains !
- 6 Say, ' Live forever, glorious King,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save !'
 Then ask—'Oh death, where is thy sting !
 And where thy victory, boasting grave !'

41.

L. M.

STEELE,

Intercession of Christ.

- 1 He lives ! the great Redeemer lives !
 (What joy the blest assurance gives !)
 And now, before his Father, God,
 Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears ;
 But in the Saviour's lovely face
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence from my heart, despairing thoughts !
 Above our fears, above our faults,
 His powerful intercessions rise,
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

42.

7s.

COLLYER.

Darkness of the Tomb scattered by Christ.

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom !
Day of triumph ! through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise !
- 2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade ;
Drive your anxious cares away ;
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 Christians, dry your flowing tears ;
Chase your unbelieving fears ;
Look on his deserted grave ;
Doubt no more his power to save.

43.

C. P. M.

FAWCETT.

Various Characters celebrated.

- 1 O COULD we speak the matchless worth,
O could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine,
We'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.
- 2 We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.
- 3 Well—the delightful day will come,
When Christ our Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see his face ;
Then with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

44.

11s.

The Savior's Sorrows.

- 1 THOU sweet gliding Cedron, by thy silver streams,
Our Savior at midnight, when moonlight's pale beam
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.
- 2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head;
How hard was his pillow,—how humble his bed;
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,
And followed their master with solemn delight.
- 3 Oh garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!
- 4 Come saints and adore him—come bow at his feet!
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus, that gladdens the skies.

45.

8 & 7s.

EPIS. COLL.

Praise for Redemption.

- 1 PRAISE, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee,
From the paths of death away:
- 2 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
HIM who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling,
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:

- 4 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
 Love's pure flame within me raise !
 And, since words can never measure,
 Let my life show forth thy praise !

46.

8 & 7s.

ROBINSON.

- 1 SAVIOUR source of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to grateful lays ;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
 Sung by raptured saints above ;
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
 While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 Thou, to save my soul from danger,
 Didst redeem me with thy blood.
- 4 By thy hand restored, defended,
 Safe through life, thus far, I'm come ;
 Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
 Bring me to my heavenly home.

47.

7s.

EPIS. COLL

Litany.

- *1 SAVIOR, when in dust, to thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee !
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes
 O, by all thy pains and wo,
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear us, when to thee we cry.

*2 By thine hour of dark despair,
 By thine agony of prayer,
 By the purple robe of scorn,
 By thy wounds—the crown of thorns—
 By thy cross--the pangs and cries,
 By thy perfect sacrifice ;
 Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
 Hear us when to thee we cry.

*3 By thy deep expiring groan,
 By thy sealed sepulchral stone,
 By thy triumphs o'er the grave,
 By thy power from death to save,
 Mighty God, ascended Lord,
 'To thy throne in heaven restored,
 Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
 Hear us when to thee we cry.

48

H. M. METHODIST COLL.

Justification by Faith.

*1 ARISE, my soul, arise !
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
 Jesus, the sacrifice,
 In my behalf appears :
 Before the throne he ever stands,
 And lifts for me his bleeding hands.

2 To God I'm reconciled—
 His pardoning voice I hear ;
 He owns me for his child ;
 I can no longer fear.
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father,—Abba, Father, cry.

49.

C. M.

STEELE.

Praise to the Savior.

- 1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore ;
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
Oh, come with blissful ray ;
Break through the gloomy shades of night,
And chase my fears away.
- 3 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love :
Then shall I see thy glorious face,
In endless joy above !

59.

L. M. LINSLEY AND DAVIS'S COLL.

Loving-kindness. Isa. 63 : 7.

- *1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He claims a thankful song from thee,—
His loving-kindness, Oh, how free !
- *2 He saw thee ruined by the fall,
Yet loved thee in thy dreadfull thrall ;
He saved thee from thy lost estate,—
His loving kindness, oh, how great !
- *3 Though prone, alas, my roving heart,
From my Redeemer to depart,
And though I him have oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- *4 Soon I must pass the darksome vale,
And when my mortal powers shall fail,
O let my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

*5 And when my spirit soars away,
To brighter worlds of endless day,
I'll sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

51.

8 & 7s.

KELLY.

The King of Glory.

- 1 HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above !
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
Jesus reigns the God of love :
See, he fills yon sapphire throne !
Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 King of glory, reign forever !
'Thine an everlasting crown :
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own ;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
- 3 Savior, hasten thine appearing ;
Bring, O bring the glorious day !
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away,—
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
Glory, glory to our King !

52.

8 & 7s.

NEWTON.

Christ a Friend.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly—free—and knows no end :
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would have shed his blood ?—
But this Savior died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

2 When he lived on earth abased,
 FRIEND OF SINNERS was his name ;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.
 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
 We, alas ! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above.

53. S. M. CH. PSALMODY

Jesus the King and Advocate.

1 JESUS, the conqueror reigns,
 In glorious strength arrayed ;
 His kingdom over all maintains,
 And bids the earth be glad.

2 Ye sons of men rejoice
 In Jesus' mighty love :
 Lift up your hearts—lift up your voice,
 To him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power,
 Adore th' exalted Son,
 Who died, but lives, to die no more,
 High on his Father's throne.

4 Our advocate with God,
 He undertakes our cause,
 And spreads through all the earth abroad,
 The victory of his cross.

54. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ precious.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name ;
 'Tis music to my ear ;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heaven might hear.

-
- 2 What'er my noblest powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet ;
Not to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there ;
'The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 4 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last laboring breath ;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
And trust thy love in death.

55.

7 & 6s.

MORAVIAN.

- 1 Thou source of my salvation,
Thou conqueror of my death,
Who didst as my oblation,
In torments yield thy breath ;
Who bar'st the dreadful sentence
Due to our cursed race,
To screen my soul from vengeance,
Accept my thanks and praise.
- 2 I'll go with thee my Savior,
Up to Mount Calvary ;
And view with spirits fervor,
All thou hast done for me.
Thus with intense devotion,
I follow thee each step,
While tender love's emotion.
Makes heart and eyes to weep.

3 My heart with love is glowing,
 I see my Saviour die ;
 His head I see him bowing,
 This brought me endless joy !
 He gave his soul an offering
 For sin, that I might live
 He saved me by his suffering,
 To him myself I give,

4 Thou God of my salvation,
 In whom I trust by faith,
 Who hast for my transgression
 Lain in the dust of death—
 I place upon thy merit
 While here, my confidence ;
 And will commend my spirit,
 To thee when I go hence.

5 Lord grant me thy salvation
 And peace divine, I pray,
 While here midst tribulation
 On earth, below I stay ;
 'Till I shall stand before thee,
 And for redeeming grace,
 With all the saints in glory,
 My hallelujah raise.

56. . L. M.

The church rejoicing in her King.

1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
 Accept the tribute which we bring ;
 Accept the well-deserved renown,
 And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;
 Like that blest hour, when from above
 We first received thy pledge of love.

- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay ;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comforts sink—nor love grow cold.
- 4 Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise—improve our joys,
'Till we are raised to sing thy name,
And taste the supper of the Lamb.

57.

C. M.

HEGINBOTHAM

Indebtedness to Christ.

- 1 To thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise ;
Oh ! let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.
- 2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
'To thine amazing love ;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.
- 3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed ;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.
- 4 Lead on, dear Shepherd !—led by thee,
No evil shall I fear ;
Soon I shall reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

58.

6 & 4s.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 COME, all ye saints of God !
Wide through the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' fame :
Tell what his love has done ;
Trust in his name alone ;
Shout to his lofty throne,
'Worthy the Lamb !'

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears !
 Dry up your mournful tears ;
 Swell the glad theme :
 Praise ye our gracious King,
 Strike each melodious string,
 Join heart and voice to sing,
 ‘Worthy the Lamb !’

3 Hark—how the choirs above,
 Filled with the Saviour’s love,
 Dwell on his name !—
 There, too, may we be found,
 With light and glory crowned,
 While all the heavens resound,
 ‘Worthy the Lamb !’

59.

S & 7s. LOCK HOS. COL.

Praise to the Intercessor.

1 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide !
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father’s side ;
 There for sinners thou art pleading ;
 There thou dost our place prepare ;
 Ever for us interceding ;
 Till in glory we appear.

2 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give ;
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits !
 Bring your noblest, sweetest lays !
 Help to sing our Savior’s merits,
 Help to shout Immanuel’s praise.

60.

C. P. M.

TOPLADY.

Trusting in Christ for Pardon.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee ?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood :
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send ;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
'Thy Maker is thy friend.'
- 4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away :
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

61.

C. M.

STEELE.

The Pearl of great price.

- 1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu !
A nobler choice be mine—
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine,

- 2 Jesus, to multitudes unknown ;
O name divinely sweet !
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.
- 3 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign ;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.
- 4 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possessed,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever blessed.
- 5 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine ;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

62.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Excellence of Christ.

- 1 JESUS, thou fairest, dearest one,
What beauties thee adorn !
Far brighter than the noon-day sun,
Or star that gilds the morn.
- 2 The joy of all the saints above,
And hope of all below ;
O may I taste thy richest love,
And thine endearments know.
- 3 Here let me fix my wandering eyes,
And all thy glories trace ;
Till in the world of endless joys,
I rise to thine embrace.

63.

7s.

COWPER.

Tempted, but flying to Christ the refuge.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,—
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my trust on thee is stayed :
 All my help from thee I bring :
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

64

L. M.

KRISHNU.

A Hymn in memory of the Saviour.

- 1 O Thou, my soul, forget no more
 The friend who all thy sorrows bore ;
 Let every idol be forgot,
 But, O my soul, forget *Him* not.
- 2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
 And fly to this divine relief ;
 Nor him forget, who left his throne,
 And for thy life gave up his own.
- 3 Infinite truth and mercy shine
 In him, and he himself is thine :
 And canst thou then, with sin beset,
 Such charms, such matchless charms
 forget ?

- 4 O ! no—till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;
And lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

65.

C. M.

Christ crowned as Lord of All.

- 1 ALL hail, the great Immanuel's name !
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all!
- 3 Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred—every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Oh ! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
And join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

66.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Son of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day-spring from on high, be near ;
Day-star, in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine !
Scatter all my unbelief :
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

67*From the German.* J. ALEXANDER.

- 1 O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns, thine only crown ;
O sacred head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine !
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine,
- 2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain :
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo ! here I fall, my Saviour !
'Tis I deserve thy place ;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

- 3 The joy can ne'er be spoken
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy Cross expiring
I'd breathe my soul to thee.
- 4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end !
O make me thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.
- 5 And when I am departing,
O part not thou from me ;
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free !
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from my anguish
By thine own pain and woe.
- 6 Be near when I am dying,
O show thy Cross to me !
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving
From Jesus shall not move,
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

68.

C. M.

WATTS.

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry.
'To be exalted thus :'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply ;
'For He was slain for us.'
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

69.

S. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

Christ the Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
Thou Day-star from on high ;
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky,
- 2 Oh let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night ;
And let the glories of thy love,
Come like the morning light.
- 3 How beauteous nature now !—
How dark and sad before !—
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.
- 4 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past ;
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

70.

8s & 7s.

GRANT.

- 1 "JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me :
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me
Show thy face, and all is bright,
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba. Father,
I have set my heart on thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.
- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast :
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh ! tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
Oh ! twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

- 3 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care :
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine :
Think that Jesus died to save thee :
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

71.

S. M.

The Shepherd.

- 1 WOULD my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd, and my guide,
I bid farewell to every fear ;
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore ;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

72.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Grateful Remembrance of Christ.

- 1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie ;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh,—
- 2 Oh ! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died, our fears to quell,
And save from death and woe !
- 3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
‘Meet and remember me !’
- 4 Remember thee !—thy death, thy shame—
Our sinful hearts to share !
O memory ! leave no other name
But his recorded there !

73.

C. M.

WATTS.

Fervency of devotion desired.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys :
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

74 8s, 6 & 4. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS
The Holy Spirit the Comforter.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 He breathes that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breeze of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

75.

S. M.

BEDDOME

Influences of the Spirit implored.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 Oh! melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
- 3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

76.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY

The indwelling influences of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 'Tis God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do:
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

77.

L. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

The Spirit entreated not to depart.

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit!—stay!
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received ;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved ;
- 3 Yet, oh ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest ;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release :
Uphold me with thy gracious hand ;
Guide me into thy perfect peace.
And bring me to the promised land.

78.

S. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 Blest Comforter divine !
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.
- 2 Draw, with thy still small voice,
Us from each sinful way ;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.
- 5 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.
- 4 Oh, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race !
Great Comforter ! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

79.

C. M.

STEELE.

Death in Trespasses and Sins.

- 1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of her load !
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue ?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise ;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes ;—
- 4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live :
A beam of heaven—a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 5 Oh ! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine ;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

80.

7s.

STOCKER.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit—Love divine !
Let thy light within me shine ;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free ;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart ;
 Seal salvation on my heart :
 Breathe thyself into my breast,
 Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
 Keep me in the narrow way ;
 Fill my soul with joy divine ;
 Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

81.

S. M.

HART.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come !
 Let thy bright beams arise ;
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin,
 Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
 And to our wondering view reveal
 The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove ;
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.
- 4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life in every part,
 And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts ;
 Our minds from bondage free ;
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

82.

L. M.

Where two or three, &c. Matt. 18 : 20.

- 1 How sweet to leave the world awhile,
 And seek the presence of the Lord !
 O Jesus, on thy people smile,
 And come according to thy word.

- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may meditate and pray ;
Saviour, behold us at thy feet,
And send us not unblessed away.

83.

L. M.

BULFINCH.

Voice of God in the Soul.

- 1 HATH not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power ?
- 2 Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity ?
- 3 And as, upon the sacred page,
Thine eye in rapt attention turned
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burned ?
- 4 It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart ;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.
- 5 Voice of our God, O, yet be near !
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace ;
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease ?

84.

11 & 10s.

Invitation to the mercy-seat.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish—
Earth has no sorrows that Heav'n cannot heal.

- 2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,—
 Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
 Earth has no sorrows that Heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the tree of life—see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
 Come to the mercy-seat—come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrows but Heaven can remove.

85.

L. M.

COWPER.

Exhortation to prayer.

- 1 **WHAT** various hind'rances we meet
 In coming to the mercy-seat!
 Yet, who, that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words?—ah, think again;
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To heaven in supplication sent,
 Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
 'Hear what the Lord has done for me!'

86.

L. M.

STOWELL.

The mercy-seat.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place, of all on earth most sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far--by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

87

H. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

A prayer of anguish.

- 1 FATHER ! who in the olive shade
When the dark hour came on,
Didst with an angel's heavenly aid
Strengthen thy suffering son :
- 2 O by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief ;
Or to the chastened let thy might
Hallow this whelming grief !
- 3 And Thou, who, when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry
'Thy will, O God, be done :'

- 4 By thy meek spirit, Thou, of all
 That e'er have mourned, the chief,—
 Thou Saviour! if the stroke *must* fall
 Hallow this whelming grief!

88. C. M. MARTINEAU'S COLL.

Secret Prayer.

- 1 SWEET is the prayer, whose holy stream
 In earnest pleading flows;
 Devotion dwells upon the theme.
 And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessings she desires;
 Hope points the upward gaze;
 And love, celestial love, inspires
 The eloquence of praise.
- 3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
 Heard by no human ear;
 When Jesus makes the heart rejoice,
 And dries the bitter tear.
- 4 Not accents flow, nor words ascend;
 All utterance faileth there:
 But Christian spirits comprehend,
 And God accepts the prayer.

89. C. M. MONTGOMERY

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unuttered or express'd—
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, 'Behold, he prays.'

- 3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watch-word at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 4 Prayer is not made on earth alone—
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.
- 5 O thou by whom we come to God---
The life, the truth, the way !
The path of prayer thyself hast trod—
Lord, teach us how to pray !

90.

C. M. CAPPE'S SELECTION.

Prayer for divine guidance.

- 1 ETERNAL source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee we lift our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine,
With truth's celestial rays ;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.
- 3 Conduct us safely by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road ;
And place us when that journey's o'er,
In heaven thy blest abode.

91.

C. M.

BARBAULD.

The World banished.

- 1 FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here ;
All shall be thine to-day.

- 2 We will not bring divided hearts
 To worship at thy shrine ;
 But each unholy thought departs,
 And leaves the temple thine.
- 3 Sleep, sleep to-day tormenting cares,
 Of earth and folly born ;
 Ye shall not dim the light that streams
 From this celestial morn.
- 4 To-morrow will be time enough
 To feel your harsh control ;
 Ye shall not desecrate, this day,
 The Sabbath of the soul.

92.

L. M.

HANCOX.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 How welcome thy returning beams,
 Thou fairest morn of all the seven !
 Those wake to toil and earthly schemes ;—
 Thou to repose and thoughts of heaven !
- 2 Come let us join the goodly throng,
 And pay to God our earthly vow ;
 Repeat his praise in cheerful song,
 And at his footstool humbly bow.
- 3 Nor with the Sabbath's parting ray
 Let us our pious zeal conclude ;
 But strive to know each passing day,
 Some strengthened grace, or sin subdued.
- 4 Then we may trust a Saviour's love,
 That, when we've passed these days of care,
 Trained for the blissful courts above,
 An endless sabbath we shall share.

93.

S. M.

WATTS.

The Sabbath welcomed.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 Jesus himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day, amid the place
Where God, my Saviour's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise, and soar away,
To everlasting bliss.

94.

10s.

CH. PSALMODY

- 1 AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah
blest ;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety—and all be peace.
- 2 Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn his will, and all we learn obey ;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.
- 3 Father of heaven ! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts
guide ;
In life our guardian—and in death our friend ;
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

95.

L. M.

CHRIST. OFFERING.

The Sabbath day.

- 1 O DAY of peace, whose dawning ray
Smiles meekly in the eastern sky,
I love to own thy soothing sway,
While earth's vain cares and tumults die.
- 2 O day of joy, thy choral strain
Sounds sweetly in the pilgrim's ear ;
The listening soul forgets its pain,
And loses all its guilty fear.
- 3 O day of love, when he who died
Removes the sinner's load of wo,
And, smiling, shows his wounded side,
Whence hope, and life, and pardon flow.
- 4 O day of rest, what heavenly calm,
What hallowed peace thine hours impart !
How often has thy healing balm
Revived and soothed the contrite heart !
- 5 The shades of earth shall cloud these eyes,
Each earth-born joy be lost, unknown ;
Yet still thy memory shall arise,
'Till life's last lingering spark is flown.

96.

C. M.

EDMESTON.

The Lord's day.

- 1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek ;
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week !
- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first the soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light !

- 3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
 Yet, while they gently roll,
 Breathe, Holy Spirit, source of peace,
 A Sabbath o'er my soul!
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
 The world's long week be o'er;
 That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,
 That day, which fades no more?

97. S. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

- 1 SWEET, is the work, O Lord,
 Thy glorious name to sing,
 To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
 And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
 Thy boundless love to tell;
 And when approach the shades of night,
 Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
 To join in heart and voice,
 With those, who love and serve thee best,
 And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy,
 Be every Sabbath given,
 That such may be our best employ
 Eternally in heaven.

98. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest—
 No mortal care shall seize my breast;
 Oh may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.

99

7s.

S. F. SMITH.

Sabbath Evening.

- 1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day ;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.
- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades ;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.
- 3 Peace is on the world abroad ;
'Tis the holy peace of God, —
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.
- 4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.
- 5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

100.

S. M.

F. TAYLOR.

Invitation to the house of prayer.

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come !
The God of peace shall meet thee there ;
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise.
Your knees together bow.

- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love ;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,
Your cheerful anthems raise ;
Nor let your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives you power to praise.
- *5 Come to the house of prayer,
As children, brothers, come ;
A Father's blessing on us there
Shall make that house our home.

101.

7s.

E. TAYLOR.

Worship.

- 1 At the portals of thy house,
Lord we leave our mortal cares ;
Nobler thoughts our souls engage,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers ;
Pure and contrite hearts alone
Find acceptance at thy throne.
- 3 Hapless men, whose footsteps stray
From the temple of the Lord !
Teach them Zion's heavenly way,
'To their feet thy light afford :
Let the world unite to raise
Solemn and harmonious praise.

102.

C. M.

HELEN M. WILLIAMS.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting power !
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;
To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on thee.

103.

C. M.

STEELE.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known ;
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne,
- 2 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to live as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 3 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
Lord, teach our songs to rise ;
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

- 4 Oh, happy period!—glorious day!
 When heaven and earth shall raise,
 With all their powers, their raptured lay,
 To celebrate thy praise.

104.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The delight of worship.

- 1 PRAY for Jerusalem,
 'The city of our God ;
 The Lord from heaven be kind to them
 That love the dear abode !
- 2 Within these walls may peace
 And harmony be found :
 Zion, in all thy palaces
 Prosperity abound !
- 3 For friends and brethren dear,
 Our prayer shall never cease ;
 Oft as they meet for worship here,
 God send his people peace !

05.

C. M.

MILTON.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord !
 From noise and trouble free !
 How beautiful the sweet accord,
 Of souls that pray to thee.
- 2 Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on high !
 They are the truly blest,
 Who only will on thee rely,
 In thee alone will rest.

106.

L. M.

HEBER.

- 1 COME, Jesus, come, return again ;
 With brighter beams thy servants bless,
 Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
 And share thy kingdom's happiness.

- 2 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbor, and our home.
- 3 Come, Jesus, come, and, as of yore
The prophet went to clear thy way ;
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning of thy brighter day :
- 4 So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare,
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap thy harvest there.

107.

C. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

Christ the Way, Truth, and Life.

- 1 THOU art the WAY—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee,
- 2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the way—the truth—the life ;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep—that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

108.

7s.

COWPER.

" Lovest thou me ? "

- 1 HARK, my soul ; it is the Lord ;
'Tis the Saviour ; hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 " I delivered thee when bound, .
And when wounded, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be ;
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ? "
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love's so weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee, and adore ;
O for grace to love thee more !

109

H. M.

FELLOWS.

- 1 How highly blest are they
Who love and serve the Lord,
Who jointly to him pray,
And listen to his word !
His word, which makes the simple wise,
Where all our hope and comfort lies.

- 2 O may it now descend,
 Like gentle showers of rain !
 May every soul attend,
 And may it long remain !
 Lord, give us food for many days,
 And fill our hearts with love and praise !

110

L. M.

HEBER.

The Saviour's blessing sought.

- 1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord to thine altar's shade we fly ;
 Forth from the world', its hope and fear,
 Saviour, we seek thy shelter here ;
 Weary and weak thy grace we pray,
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.
- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
 Long have we sought thy rest in vain,
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay,
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guest away.

111

C. M.

STEELE.

The presence of God sought in his house.

- 1 COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
 Our humble tribute own,
 While with our praises and complaints,
 We bow before thy throne.
- 2 How should our songs, like those above,
 With warm devotion rise !
 How should our souls, on wings of love,
 Mount upward to the skies !
- 3 But ah ! the song, how faint it flows !
 How languid our desire !
 How cold the sacred passion glows,
 Till thou the heart inspire !

- 4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine
And fill thy dwellings here ;
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.
- 5 Then shall our hearts, enraptured, say,
Come, great Redeemer—come ;
And bring the bright—the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

112.

C. M.

NEWTON.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear !
Thy presence now display :
We kneel within thy house of prayer,
Oh ! give us hearts to pray.
- 2 The clouds, which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove ;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love,
- 3 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face ;
Oh make us, creatures of thy power ;
The children of thy grace.

113.

C. M.

HEBER.

The blessing of God on his word implored.

- 1 O God by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blessed
Whose word, like manna sent from Heaven,
Is planted in our breast ;
- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air ;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do thou thy grace supply ;
The hope in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

114

S. M.

ANON.

Morning prayer meetings.

- 1 How sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer !

- 2 May breezes waft our cries
Up to Jehovah's throne ;
O Saviour, listen to our sighs,
And send thy blessing down.

115

L. M.

S. STENNETT.

- 1 'WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise ;—
- 2 'There,' says the Saviour, 'will I be,
Amid this little company ;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place.'
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word :
Now send thy spirit from above
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

116.

8 & 7s.

URWICK'S COL.

Divine influence implored.

- 1 As the dew from heaven distilling
Gently on the grass descends,
And revives it, thus fulfilling
What thy holy will intends,—
Let thy word, Lord, ever gracious,
Thus descending from above,
Bless'd by thee, prove efficacious
To fulfil thy work of love
- 2 Lord, behold this congregation,
Now thy promises fulfil :
From thy holy habitation,
Let the dew of life distill ;
Let our cry come up before thee,
Shed thine holy spirit round ;
So thy people shall adore thee,
And confess the joyful sound.

117.

C. M.

WATTS.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the offering of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard ;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found.

4 What have I done for him who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

118.

S. M.

CH. PSALMOD X

Parting.

1 Once more before we part,
Oh bless the Saviour's name,
Let every tongue and every heart,
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, by thy grace we came;
Thy blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name:
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

119.

L. M.

H. K. WHITE

1 SING, christian brethren! ere we part,—
Join every voice and every heart;
Our solemn hymn to God we raise,
Our final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore ;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Brethren, we all shall meet again.

3 Now unto God, the Three in One,
Be everlasting glory done ;
Oh, raise, ye saints, the sound again ;
Ye nations join the loud amen !

120.

7s.

1 LORD, 't is sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer ;
O, 't is sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise ;
Sweeter far that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Preparations from above ;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace ;
Till we, each in his degree,
Ripe for endless glory be.

121.

6 & 5s.

CHOIR.

1 WHEN shall we meet again ?
Meet ne'er to sever ?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever ?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes—
Never—no, never !

- 2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river ?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever ?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never !
- 3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour !
May we all there unite,
Happy forever !
Where kindred spirits dwell,
'There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never.
- 4 Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever ;
Soon will peace wreath her chains
Round us forever.
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes ;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never !

II. PENITENTIAL.

122.

C. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

Confession.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father ! God of Grace !
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly, from thy paths have turned,
Each to his sinful way.
- 2 Sins of omission and of act,
Through all our lives abound,
Alas ! in thought, and word, and deed,
No health in us is found.
- 3 O spare us, Lord !—in mercy spare !
Our contrite souls restore,
Through Him who suffered on the cross,
And man's transgressions bore.
- 4 And grant. O Father ! for his sake,
That we, through all our days,
A just and godly life may lead,
To thine eternal praise.

123.

C. M.

COWPER.

The contrite heart.

- 1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow ;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no ?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
With heart as hard as steel ;
If aught is felt, 't is only pain
To find I cannot feel.

- 3 My best desires are faint and few ;
I fain would strive for more,
But, when I cry, 'My strength renew,'
Seem weaker than before.
- 4 Thy saints have inward joy I know,
And love thy house of prayer ;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.
- 5 O, make this heart rejoice or ache,
Decide this doubt for me ;
And, if it be not broken, break ;
And heal it if it be.

124.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 PERPETUAL Source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred name ;
Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours ;
As sure as heaven's established course,
And plenteous as the showers.
- 3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew ;
As false as morning's scattering cloud,
And transient as the dew.
- 4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.
- 5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move ;
And with increasing transport press
To thy bright courts above.

125.

C. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

Prayer for Repentance.

- 1 Oh for that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord !
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word !
- 2 Oh for these humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow !
That sense of guilt, which trembling fears
The long-suspended blow !
- 3 Saviour, to me in pity give
For sin the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace !—
- 4 Oh fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will ;
Raise my desires and hopes above,
Thyself to me reveal.

126.

C. M.

STEELE

- 1 DEAR Saviour ! when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?
Ah ! vile, ungrateful heart !
By earth's low cares detained—betrayed
From Jesus to depart.
- 3 Oh ! while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The humble, contrite sigh,
Grant me one kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye !
- 4 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face ;
And, grateful, own how kind—how sweet
Is thy forgiving grace.

127.

C. M.

STENNETT.

The Penitent's prayer.

- 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies ;
And upward to thy mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt ;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 4 I plead thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
Do thou my sins forgive ;
Thy justice will approve the word,
That bids the sinner live.

128.

C. M.

CARTER.

The compassion of God.

- 1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who canst our cares control,
Look down, and with thy smile of peace,
Revive the fainting soul.
- 2 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive ;
Thy gentle, best-loved attribute,
To pity and forgive.
- 3 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright ;
And sheds her soft diffusive beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

- 4 Our griefs confess her vital power,
And bless her friendly ray ;
Bright herald to the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

129.

C. M.

STEELE.

Absence from God deprecated.

- 1 On thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye ;—
- 2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn :
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said—' Return' ?
- 3 Absent from thee, my Guide ! my Light !
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !
- 4 Oh ! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine !
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine.

130.

L. M.

STEELE.

Advocate.

- 1 WHERE is my God ?—does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs ?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies ?
- 2 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands !

- 3 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer ;
The softest call before his throne
May rise and find acceptance there.
- 4 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine ;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My *Father, God*, with joy divine.

131.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 My Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the word of peace ;
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.
- 2 With gentle voice, call me thy child,
And speak my sin forgiven ;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
Like all the harps of heaven.
- 3 With joy, where'er thy hand shall lead
The darkest path I'll tread ;
With joy I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know ;
That hand, which seals our pardon sure
Shall crowns of life bestow.

132.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Preciousness of Christ.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the broken spirit whole ;
It calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Jesus, my Shepherd and my Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King !
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

133.

L. M.

WATTS

Pardon and Sanctification penitently implored

- 1 Snow pity, Lord—O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 3 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 4 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

134.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Waiting for God. Psalm 130.

- 1 Out of the depths of woe,
To thee, O Lord, I cry ;
Darkness surrounds me, yet I know
That thou art ever nigh.
- 2 I cast my hopes on thee ;
Thou canst, thou wilt forgive :
If thou shouldst mark iniquity,
Who in thy sight could live ?
- 3 I wait for thee ; I wait,
Confessing all my sin ;
Lord, I am knocking at thy gate ,
Open, and take me in.
- 4 Glory to God above !
The waters soon will cease :
For lo ! the swift-returning dove
Brings home the pledge of peace !
- 5 Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,—
His bow is in the cloud !

135.

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 Oh, lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

136.

C. M.

EPIS. COLL.

Penitent review of the past.

- 1 As, o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?—
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed ;
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, Holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my lab'ring breast,
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine !
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to thee.

137.

L. M.

CH. PSALMODY

- 1 Thou Prince of glory, slain for me,
Breathing forgiveness in thy prayer ;
That loving, melting look I see,
That bursting sigh, that tender tear.
- 2 Let me but hear thy dying voice
Pronounce forgiveness in my breast ;
My trembling spirit shall rejoice,
And feel the calm of heavenly rest.

- 3 Lord, thine atoning blood apply,
And life or death is sweet to me ;
In life's last hour, thy presence, nigh,
From fear shall see my spirit free.

138.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

Repentance in view of Christ's compassion.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears—
The wondering angels see !
Be thou astonished, O my soul !
He shed those tears—for thee.
- 3 He wept—that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear ;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

139.

S. M.

EPIS. COLL.

Depravity.

- 1 Ah, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God ?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise !
- 3 All-seeing powerful God !
Who can with thee contend ?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife
Shall prosper in the end !

- 4 Ah, how shall guilty man
 Contend with such a God?
 None, none can meet him, and escape,
 But through the Saviours blood.

140

C. M.

JONES.

The Resolve.

- 1 COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve :
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
 And make this last resolve :
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Hath like a mountain rose ;
 I see his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.
- 3 ' Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 And there my guilt confess ;
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone—
 Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 ' Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 Perhaps he'll hear my prayer ;
 But if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.'

141.

L. M.

MOORE

Crying for Mercy.

- 1 AWAKED from sin's delusive sleep,
 My heavy guilt I feel and weep :
 Beneath a weight of woes oppressed,
 I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.
- 2 Now from thy throne of bliss above
 Shed down a look of heavenly love ;
 That balm shall sweeten all my pain,
 And bid my soul rejoice again.

- 3 By thy divine, transforming power,
My ruined nature now restore;
And let my life and temper shine,
In blest resemblance, Lord, to thine.

142.

S. M.

COWPER.

- 1 WHEN I review my ways,
I dread th' impending doom;
But sure, a friendly whisper says,
'Flee from the wrath to come.'
- 2 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.
- 3 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

143.

S. M.

NEWTON.

The Gospel pool.

- 1 Beside the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From time to time my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.
- 3 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sovereign mercy flow,
To make a sinner whole.

144.

C. P. M.

NEWTON

The Penitent surrendering.

1 Lord, thou hast won—at length I yield;
 My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
 Surrenders all to thee:
 Against thy terrors long I strove,
 But who can stand against thy love!—
 Love conquers even me.

2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
 And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
 I still had stubborn been:
 But mercy has my heart subdued,
 A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
 And now, I hate my sin.

3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
 Come, take possession of thine own,
 For thou hast set me free;
 Released from Satan's hard command,
 See all my powers in waiting stand,
 To be employed by thee.

145.

8s & 6.

1 Just as I am—without one plea
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about,
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing o' the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come !

146.

C. M.

JERVIS.

Peace to the penitent.

- 1 SWEET is the friendly voice which speaks
'The words of life and peace ;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.
- 2 No healing balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart ;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.
- 3 Thou still art merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal :
'The broken heart 't is thou canst bind,
'The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
Peace to my anxious breast ;
Conduct me in the path that leads
'To everlasting rest.

147.

S. M.

WATTS.

Confession and Pardon.

- 1 O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er !
Divinely blest to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the painful wound ;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne :
Our help in time of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

III. WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

148. C. M. SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.

Christ's invitation.

- 1 COME unto me all ye who mourn,
With guilt and fears opprest ;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.
- 2 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
A meek and lowly mind :
And thus your weary troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.
- 3 For light and gentle is my yoke ;
The burthen I impose
Shall ease the heart which groaned before
Beneath a load of woes.

149. C. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

Expostulation.

- 1 MORTAL ! this earth is not thy home,
Nor mortal joys thine end,
Beyond the starry-spangled dome,
To heaven, thy views extend.
- 2 Why fondly pluck the withering flowers
That only deck thy tomb,
While fadeless wreaths, and fairer bowers
For thee immortal bloom !

- 3 Resign thy spirit to thy God ;
 Cast flesh and sin away :
 O take the path thy Saviour trod,
 And rise to endless day !

150.

6s. & 4s.

Spir. Songs.

- 1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,
 Filled with dismay
 Wait not for to-morrow,
 Yield thee to-day ;
 Heaven bids thee come,
 While yet there's room ;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Hear and obey.
- 2 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die ?
 Come, while thou canst borrow
 Help from on high ;
 Grieve not that love,
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow
 Would bring thee nigh.

151.

L. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

Danger of rejecting Christ.

- 1 HARK ! from the cross a voice of peace
 Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease !—
 Sinner ! that voice of love obey,
 From Christ, the true, the living way.
- 2 How else his presence wilt thou bear,
 When he in judgment shall appear ?
 When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
 And all the earth like Sinai burn ?

- 3 Now from the cross a voice of peace,
 Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease ;
 O sinner, while 't is called to day,
 That voice of saving love obey.

152.

7s.

URWICK'S COLL.

Expostulation.

- 1 SINNER, what hast thou to show,
 Like the joys believers know ?
 Is thy path of fading flowers.
 Half so bright, so sweet, as ours ?
- 2 Doth a skillful, healing friend,
 On thy daily path attend,
 And where thorns and stings abound,
 Shed a balm on every wound ?
- 3 When the tempest rolls on high,
 Hast thou still a refuge nigh ?
 Can, O can thy dying breath
 Summon one more strong than death ?
- 4 Canst thou in that awful day
 Fearless tread the gloomy way,
 Plead a glorious ransom given,
 Burst from earth and soar to heaven ?

153.

S. M.

HYDE.

Grieve not the spirit. Eph. 4 : 30.

- 1 AND canst thou, sinner, slight
 The call of love divine ?
 Shall God with tenderness invite,
 And gain no thought of thine ?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
 The Spirit from thy breast,
 Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
 With all thy sins opprest ?

- 3 To-day, a pardoning God
 Will hear the suppliant pray;
 To day, a Saviours cleansing blood
 Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But, grace so dearly bought,
 If yet thou wilt despise,
 Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,
 Will fill thee with surprise.

154.

C. M.

URWICK'S COLL.

Now God commandeth all men everywhere to repent.

- 1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
 Sinners no more delay;
 Whoever scorns the mandate, dies,
 And meets a vengeful day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God
 O'erlooks the crimes of men;
 His heralds are dispatched abroad,
 To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to his bar,—
 For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
 And turns to vengeance there.

155.

C. M.

WATTS.

Sinners warned.

- 1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
 Why in such dreadful haste to die?—
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown,—
 Heedless against thy God to fly?
- 2 Stay, sinner! on the gospel plains,
 Behold the God of love unfold
 The glories of his dying pains,
 Forever telling, yet untold.

156.

L. M.

DWIGHT.

Sinners invited to immediate repentance.

- 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found—and peace is given;
But soon—ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- *2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before His bar your spirits bring,
Who then will neither hear nor save.
- 3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.
- 4 Now God invites—how blessed the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

157.

C. L. M.

ANON.

- 1 Go watch and pray: thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee:
Death's countless snares beset thy way;
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.
- 2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Sparkle before thine eye?
Soon these must change, must pass away;
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

- 3 Ambition, stop thy panting breath :
 Pride, sink thy lifted eye !
 Behold, the caverns dark with death
 Before you open lie !
 The heavenly warning now obey ;
 Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.
- 4 Thou aged man ! life's wintry storm
 Hath seared thy vernal bloom ;
 With trembling limbs and wasted form,
 Thou bendest o'er the tomb :
 And can vain hope lead THEE astray !
 Go ! weary pilgrim, watch and pray.

158.

L. M.

HYDE.

- 1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
 Oft whispered to thy secret soul.
 Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
 And yield thy heart to God's control?—
- 2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
 It was the Spirit's gracious call ;
 It bade thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 3 Spurn not the call to life and light ;
 Regard in time the warning kind ;
 That call thou may'st not always slight,
 And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 4 Sinner—perhaps this very day,
 Thy last accepted time may be ;
 Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

159.

The Doomed Man. A. A. ALEXANDER.

- 1 THERE is a time, we know not when,
 A point, we know not where,
 That marks the destiny of men
 To glory or despair.

- 2 There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path ;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.
- 3 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth ;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health,
- 4 The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay :
That which is pleasing still may please
And care be thrust away.
- 5 But on that forehead God has set,
Indelibly, a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.
- 6 O where is this mysterious bourn,
By which our path is crossed ;
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost ?
- 7 How far may we go on in sin ?
How long will God forbear ?
Where does hope end ? and where begin
The confines of despair ?
- 8 An answer from the skies is sent :
Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart.

160.

L. M.

GRIGG.

Behold I stand at the door. Rev. 3 : 20.

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door !
He gently knocks--has knock'd before
Has waited long---is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill

2 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet, departed, ne'er return ;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand.

161.

L. M.

MILLER.

Is there no hope ?

- 1 Is there no hope ? O, sinner, pause !
Turn not away from heaven thy face ;
Despise no more God's holy laws,
Resist not his inviting grace.
- 2 Is there no hope ? that word recall,
Thy steps retrace, nor dare delay,
Lest, ere thou turn, God's anger fall,
And hope forever flee away.
- 3 Is there no hope ? yes, sinner, yes,—
Repent, and to the Saviour fly :
Will he be deaf to your distress,
Who listens when the ravens cry ?
- 4 Return !—the bow of promise mark,
Above, where death's dark billows roar ;
For soon, when sinks thy fragile bark,
'Twill shine upon thy soul no more.

162.

7s.

EPIS. COLL.

- 1 SINNERS, turn—why will die ?
God, your maker, asks you why :
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.
- 2 Sinners, turn—why will ye die ?
God, your Savior, asks you why :
He, who did your souls retrieve,
He who died, that ye might live.

- 3 Will you let him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why—ye ransomed sinners--why
 Will ye slight his grace, and die ?
- 4 Sinners, turn—why will ye die ?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why :
 He who all your lives hath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace his love ;—
- 5 Will ye not his grace receive ?
 Will ye still refuse to live ?
 Oh ! ye dying sinners, why—
 Why will ye forever die ?

163.

S. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

- 1 ALL yesterday is gone !
 To-morrow's not our own ;
 O sinner, come, without delay,
 To bow before the throne.
- 2 Oh hear his voice to-day,
 And harden not your heart :
 To-morrow, with a frown, he may
 Pronounce the word—depart.

164.

C. M.

COLLYER.

God's gracious call to sinners.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer—now return !
 And seek thy Father's face !
 Those new desires, which in thee burn,
 Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer—now return !
 He hears thy humble sigh :
 He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
 When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer—now return !
 Thy Saviour bids thee live :
 Go to his feet—and grateful learn
 How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer—now return !
 And wipe the falling tear :
 Thy Father calls—no longer mourn !
 'Tis love invites thee near.

165.

7s.

PRATT'S COLL.

1 COME ! said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come, and make my paths your choice :
 I will guide you to your home—
 Weary pilgrims ! hither come.

2 Hither come—for here is found
 Balm for every bleeding wound,
 Peace, which ever shall endure—
 Rest, eternal—sacred—sure !

166.

7s.

BRIGGS' COLL.

Come Home !

1 SOUL ! celestial in thy birth,
 Dwelling yet in lowest earth,
 Panting, shrinking to be free,
 Hear God's spirit whisper thee.

2 Thus it saith, in accents mild,—
 " Weary wanderer, wayward child,
 From thy Father's earnest love
 Still forever wilt thou rove ?

3 " Turn to hope, and peace, and light,
 Freed from sin, and earth, and night ;
 I have called, entreated thee,
 In my mercies gentle, free.

- 4 " Human soul, in love divine
I have sought to make thee mine ;
Still for thee good angels yearn ;
Human soul, return, return !"

167.

7s.

HAWES.

- 1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear !—
'Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come !
- 2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid—
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come !
- 3 Spread for thee, the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored ;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam—
Come and welcome, sinner, come !
- 4 Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend !
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day ;—
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come !

168.

S. M.

EPIS. COLL.

- 1 OH, cease ! my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

- 2 Behold the ark of God !
Behold the open door ;
Oh ! haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 3 There, safe, thou shalt abide,
'There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

169.

7s.

ANONYMOUS.

The Prodigal.

- 1 BROTHER, hast thou wander'd far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war ?
Turn thee, brother, homeward, come !
- 2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave ?
Squandered life's most golden hours ?
Turn thee, brother, God can save !
- 3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul ?
Discontent upon thy brow ?
Turn thee,—God will make thee whole !
- 4 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear ;
Seek Him, for He may be found ;
Call upon Him ; He is near.

170.

L. M.

WATTS.

The broad and narrow ways.

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

- 2 'Deny thyself, and take thy cross,'
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

171.

C. M.

HOSKINS.

Time is short. 1 Cor. 7 : 29.

- 1 'THE time is short!' sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is called to-day.
- 2 'The time is short!' O sinners, now
To Christ, the Lord, submit;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.
- 3 'The time is short!' ye saints, rejoice—
The Lord will quickly come;
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.
- 4 'The time is short!' the moment near,
When we shall dwell above,
And be forever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

172.

C. M.

LUTHERAN COLL.

- 1 On what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found !
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here ;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring ;
Here love—unchanging love abounds,
A deep, celestial spring !

173.

8s, 7s & 4s.

HART.

Sinners entreated by the mercies of Christ.

- 1 COME, ye sinners—poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour !
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power :
He is able—
He is willing—doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye thirsty—ye are welcome !
God's free bounty glorify :
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace which brings us nigh,
Without money—
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

- 3 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! the Saviour prostrate lies!
 On the bloody cross behold him,
 Hear him cry before he dies—
 ‘It is finished!’—
 Heaven’s atoning sacrifice!
- 4 Lo! th’ incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood;—
 Venture on him—venture wholly;
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus—
 Can do helpless sinners good.

174.

S. M.

EPIS. COLL.

- 1 THE Spirit in our hearts,
 Is whispering, ‘sinner, come!’
 The bride, the church of Christ proclaims
 To all his children, ‘come!’
- 2 Let him that heareth say
 To all about him, ‘come!’
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
 To Christ, the fountain come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
 Oh let him freely come,
 And freely drink the stream of life;
 ’Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
 Declares, ‘I quickly come!’
 Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;
 O blest Redeemer come!

175.

S. M.

DOBELL.

Now the accepted time.

- 1 Now is th’ accepted time,
 Now is the day of grace;
 Now, sinners, come, without delay,
 And seek the Saviour’s face.

- 2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love:
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

176.

S. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

The way of sin not the way to heaven.

- 2 CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future joy and peace,
While on the road to hell?
- 2 Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill?
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will?
- 4 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue,
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbor wrong?
- 4 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hopes can e'er afford!
The pardoned and renewed shall see
The glory of the Lord.

177.

7s.

SCOTT.

- 1 HASTE, O sinner—now be wise ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Haste—and mercy now implore ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Haste, O sinner—now return ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Haste, O sinner—now be blest ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

178.

L. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

One thing needful.

- 1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares ?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?
- 2 Shall God invite you from above ?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love ?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain ?
And all these pleas unite in vain ?
- 3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue ;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

- 4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
 Fix deep conviction in each heart;
 Nor let us waste on trifling cares
 That life which thy compassion spares.

179.

8s, 7s & 4s.

REED.

The sinner invited and threatened.

- 1 HEAR, O sinner!—mercy hails you,
 Now with sweetest voice she calls;
 Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
 Ere the hand of justice falls;
 Hear, O sinner!—
 'Tis the voice of mercy calls.
- 2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
 O'er the path you dare to tread;
 Hark! the awful thunders rolling
 Loud, and louder o'er your head;—
 Turn, O sinner!—
 Lest the lightnings strike you dead.
- 2 Haste! O sinner! to the Saviour,
 Seek his mercy while you may;
 Soon the day of grace is over;
 Soon your life will pass away;
 Haste, O sinner!—
 You must perish—if you stay.

180.

8s & 7s.

Come to Jesus.

- *1 'COME'—'tis Jesus' invitation—
 Now to mourning souls addressed;
 Why, O why such hesitation?
 Mourners, he will give you rest.
- 2 Do ye fear your own unfitness,
 Burdened as ye are with sin?
 'Tis the Holy Spirits witness;
 Christ invites you;—enter in.

3 Stay not pondering on your sorrow,
 'Turn from your own self away,
Dare not linger till to-morrow,—
 Come to Christ, without delay.

4 He will give—we ne'er can merit—
 Perfect peace and heavenly rest;
What a treasure we inherit !
 How are contrite sinners blest !

5 Jesus, with thy word complying,
 Firm our faith and hope shall be ;
On thy faithfulness relying,
 We will cast our souls on thee.

181.

8s & 4.

REED'S COLL.

1 HARK, hark ! the gospel trumpet sounds ;
Through earth and heaven the echo bounds ;
Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood !
Sinners are reconciled to God,
 By grace divine !

2 Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuse ;
Mercy and justice here combine,
Goodness and truth harmonious join,
 'T' invite you near.

3 Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre ;
Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire ;
Let both the Saviour's love proclaim—
Forever worthy is the Lamb,
 Of endless praise.

182

L. M.

STEELE.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin oppressed,
Oh come! accept the promised rest;
The Saviours gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt—a painful load,
Oh come, and bow before your God!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 There mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt—and heal your woes;
Here's pardon, life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift!—how free the grace!

183.

C. M.

STEELE.

Christ's invitation to sinners.

- 1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope's smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe,
- 3 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?
- 4 Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink—and never die.

184.

7s.

- 1 SINNER ! rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake—and o'er thy folly weep ;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.
- 2 Wake from sleep—arise from death—
See the bright and living path :
Watchful tread that path—be wise,
Leave thy folly—seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly—cease from crime;
From this hour redeem thy time ;
Life secure, without delay,
Evil is thy mortal day.
- 4 Oh ! then, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake ! and o'er thy folly weep ;
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

185.

12s.

THORNBY.

- 1 THE voice of free grace cries, 'Escape to the mountain :
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain ;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has died for our pardon,
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.
- 2 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious ;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious ;
With shouting proclaim it—O trust in his passion,
He saves us most freely—O precious salvation !
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- 3 The Saviour his name now proclaims all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious :
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- 4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore ;
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more ;
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever !
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

IV. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

186.

8s. & 7s.

BOWRING.

Glorying in the cross.

- 1 WHEN the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me ;
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 2 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 3 Grief and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 4 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime,

187.

L. M.

COWPER.

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears ;
Then, gracious Father, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 O let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn ;
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

188.

S. M.

MORAVIAN.

Self-surrender to God.

- 1 LORD, bring me to resign
My doubting heart to thee;
And whether cheerful or distressed,
Thine, thine alone to be.
- 2 My only aim be this,—
Thy purpose to fulfil,
In thee rejoice with all my strength,
And do thy holy will.
- 3 Lord, thy all-seeing eye
Keeps watch with jealous care;
Thy great compassion never fails;
Thou hear'st my ready prayer.
- 4 So will I firmly trust.
That thou wilt guide me still,
And guard me safe throughout the way
That leads to Zion's hill.

189.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Lovest thou me?

- 1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?—
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?—
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
Which thou dost not approve.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still,
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed ?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead ?
- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, O my Lord,
But yet I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

190.

7s.

NEWTON.

Lovest thou me ?

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord, or no ;
Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild,
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?
- 4 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you ?
- 5 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
- 6 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou, who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

- 7 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray !
 If I have not loved before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

191.

C. M.

WATTS.

Protection and safety.

- 1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
 And firm as mountains be,
 Firm as the rock the soul shall rest,
 That leans, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
 Old Salem's happy ground,
 As those eternal arms of love,
 That every saint surround.
- 3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
 And lead them safely on,
 To the bright gates of paradise,
 Where Christ their Lord is gone.

192.

8s 7s & 4s.

- 1 OH my soul, what means this sadness ?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
 Let thy griefs be turned to gladness ;
 Bid thy restless fears be gone ;
 Look to Jesus,
 And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What though [Satan's strong temptations]
 Vex and grieve thee, day by day ;
 And thy sinful inclinations
 Often fill thee with dismay ;
 Thou'shalt conquer,
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
 From without and from within ;
 Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
 But will save from hell and sin ;
 He is faithful
 To perform his gracious word.

1 Though distresses now attend thee,
 And thou tread'st the thorny road :
 His right hand shall still defend thee ;
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God !
 Therefore praise him,
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

193.

C. M.

HERVEY.

- 1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
 God's watchful eye surveys,
 Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,
 Or to appoint our ways !
- 2 Good, when he gives—supremely good,
 Nor less when he denies,
 Ev'n crosses, from his sovereign hand,
 Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
 So constant and so kind ?
 To his unerring gracious will
 Be every wish resigned.
- 4 In thy fair book of life divine,
 My God, inscribe my name ;
 There let it fill some humble place
 Beneath my Lord the Lamb !

194.

C. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

Longing for nearness to God.

- 1 OW could I find, from day to day,
 A nearness to my God !
 Then should my hours glide sweet away
 While leaning on his word.

- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
 Anew from day to day ;
 In joys the world can never give,
 Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
 And make me wholly thine,
 That I may never more depart,
 Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
 Thy goodness I'll adore ;
 And when my frame dissolves in death,
 My soul shall love thee more.

195.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Casting our cares on God.

- 1 How gentle God's commands !
 How kind his precept are !
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
 And trust his constant care.
- 2 His bounty will provide,
 His saints securely dwell ;
 That hand which bears creation up,
 Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind ?
 Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
 And peace and comfort find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
 Unchanged from day to day ;
 I'll drop my burden at his feet,
 And bear a song away.

196.

S. M.

NEWTON.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace !
 The promise calls me near ;
 There Jesus shows a smiling face,
 And waits to answer prayer.

- 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love :
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 3 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine ;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.
- 4 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
And find my heaven in thee.

197..

L. M.

GRIGG.

Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 JESUS ! and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
Ashamed of thee—whom angels praise ?
Whose glories shine through endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ?—that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?
No !—when I blush, be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ?—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tear to wipe—no good to crave,
No fears to quell—no soul to save !
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain !
And oh ! may this my glory be—
That Christ is not ashamed of me !

198.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne—his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

199.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Salvation by grace,

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way,
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road:
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Thro'ough everlasting days ;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

200. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The goodness of God proclaimed.

- 1 O ALL ye lands, rejoice in God,
 Sing praises to his name ;
 Let all the earth with one accord,
 His wondrous acts proclaim ;
- 2 And let his faithful servants tell
 How, by redeeming love,
 Their souls are saved from death and hell,
 To share the joys above ;—
- 3 Tell how the Holy Spirit's grace
 Forbids their feet to slide ;
 And, as they run the christian race,
 Vouchsafes to be their guide.
- 4 Oh, then, rejoice, and shout for joy,
 Ye ransomed of the Lord ;
 Be grateful praise your sweet employ,
 His presence your reward.

201. S. M. KEBLE.

The pure in heart.

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God ;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs,
 Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul
 He doth himself impart,
 And, for his temple and his throne,
 Selects the pure in heart.

Longing for a closer walk with God.

- 2 Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!—
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O Holy Dove! return—
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God;
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

- 1 O! may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His rightful claim to own.

- 2 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be joined with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 3 Preserve me safe from every sin,
Through my remaining days ;
And let each virtue in me shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 4 Let lively hope my soul inspire ;
Let warm affections rise ;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.

204.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 Most gracious God, reveal
Thy will concerning me ;
Whate'er I do—whate'er I feel,
I follow thy decree.
- 2 The counsels of thy love
Be on my heart impressed ;
It then shall at thy bidding move,
And at thy bidding rest.
- 3 While thou my leader art,
And mak'st me thine abode,
I find the witness in my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 FATHER, thy will be done !
To thee I all resign,
The sole disposer of thine own,
Dispose of me and mine.
- 5 At thy command—I go,
Or quietly attend,
Till all my care and toil below
In rest eternal end.

205.

C. M.

BARTON.

"Walk in the Light."

- 1 WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there !
- 5 Walk in the light ! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny.—bright :
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light !

206.

C. M.

MOORE.

Light in Darkness.

- 1 O THOU, who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, pierced by sin and sorrows here,
We could not fly to thee !
- 2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.

- 3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which like, the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too,—
- 5 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
- 6 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

207.

C. M.

EDMESTON.

- 1 O THOU, whose mercy guides my way !
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here !
- 2 Oh ! may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.
- 3 Then though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see ;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

Submission in affliction.

- 1 YET who this fearful deed hath wrought ?
Who thus hath laid me low ?
Was it a hand with vengeance fraught ?—
The malice of a foe ?
- 2 No!—He who called my being forth
From mute, unconscious clay ;
He who with more than parent's love
Hath led me night and day ;
- 3 Who erreth not, who changeth not,
Who woundeth but to heal,
Who darkened not man's sunny lot,
Save for his spirit's weal.
- 4 Therefore I bow me to his sway,
I mourn, but not repine,
And chastened, yet confiding say,
Lord—not my will but thine.

Affliction.

- 1 ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hopes to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine :
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load ;
All plaintive, I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease ;
 The blood of atonement apply ;
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,
 The rock that is higher than I :
 Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice ;
 Thy presence is fair to behold :
 I thirst for thy spirit with cries,
 And groanings that cannot be told.

210.

11s & 8s.

FORD.

The end of Affliction.

- 1 THE gloom of the night adds a charm to the
 morn,
 Stern winter the spring-time endears,
 And the darker the cloud on which it is drawn,
 The brighter the rainbow appears.
- 2 So trials and sorrows the christian prepare,
 For the rest that remaineth above ;
 On earth tribulations await him, but there
 The smile of unchangeable love.

211.

C. M.

COWPER.

- 1 O LORD, my best desires fulfill,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears,
 Or tremble at the gracious hand,
 That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No—rather let me freely yield
 What most I prize to thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.

- 1 OH for a faith that will not shrink
 Though pressed by many a foe ;
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of poverty or woe ;
 That will not murmur or complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But in the hour of grief or pain,
 Can lean upon its God.
- 2 A faith that shines more bright, more clear,
 When tempests rage without :
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness knows no doubt.
 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
 Till life's last spark is fled,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray,
 Lights up a dying bed.

Trust and Submission.

- 1 MY God, I thank thee : may no thought
 E'er deem a father's hand severe ;
 But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
 Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
 The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
 Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
 That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
 Thy frail and erring child must know ;
 But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
 Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

- 4 Thy various messengers employ ;
 Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
 And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
 Let humble faith adore thy will.

214.

C. M.

FOLLEN.

Resignation.

- 1 How sweet to be allowed to pray
 To God, the Holy One,
 With filial love and trust to say,
 " O God, thy will be done !"
- 2 We in these sacred words can find
 A cure for every ill ;
 They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
 And bid all care be still.
- 3 O, let that will, which gave me breath,
 And an immortal soul,
 In joy or grief, in life or death,
 My every wish control.
- 4 O, teach my heart the blessed way
 To imitate thy son !
 Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
 " Thy will, not mine, be done."

215.

C. M.

BARBAULD.

The christian spirit blessed.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart
 Feels all another's pain ;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Was never raised in vain.
- 2 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
 To every child of grief ;
 His secret bounty largely flows,
 And brings unasked relief.

3 To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow ;
 He views through mercy's melting eye
 A brother in a foe.

*4 Peace, like a calm, celestial stream,
 Will Jesus to him give ;
 And when he kneels before the throne,
 His trembling soul shall live.

216.

C. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

Phil. 2 : 5-8.

1 JESUS ! thou in the form of God,
 Didst equal honor claim ;
 Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
 Didst stoop to death and shame !

2 Oh ! may that mind in us be formed,
 Which shone so bright in thee ;
 An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
 From pride and envy free !

3 To others we would stoop, and learn
 To emulate thy love ;
 So shall we bear thine image here,
 And share thy throne above !

217.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Choosing the portion of God's heritage. Ruth, 1: 16, 17.

1 PEOPLE of the living God !
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort no where found :
 Now to you my spirit turns,—
 Turns a wanderer yet unblest ;
 Brethren ! where your altar burns,
 O receive me into rest.

- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave:
 Mine the God whom you adore,
 Your Redeemer shall be mine;
 Earth can fill my heart no more,
 Every idol I resign.
- 3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power,
 Welcome poverty and cross,
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour!
 'FOLLOW ME!' I know thy voice,
 Jesus Lord! thy steps I see;
 Now I take thy yoke by choice,
 Light thy burthen now to me.

218.

L. M.

Desiring sanctification.

- 1 THY healing spirit, Lord, impart;
 Refine and sanctify my heart;
 And with reflected beauty fair,
 Impress thy sacred image there.
- 2 O train me for the seats of rest,
 Where in eternal glory blest,
 My soul shall see thy lovely face,
 And sing the triumphs of thy grace.

219.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Fellowship with God.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
 And Christ invites us near;
 With both our friendship shall be sweet,
 And our communion dear.

- 2 God pities all our griefs ;
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are !
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood !
- 4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care ;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Fore-runner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart !
Here wait, my warmest love !
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above,

220.

L. M.

KELLY.

Pilgrim's song.

- 1 WE'VE no abiding city here ;
We seek a land beyond our sight,
Zion its name—the Lord is there ;
It shines with everlasting light.
- 2 O' sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee—and be at rest.
- 3 But hush, my soul—nor dare repine !
The time my God appoints is best :
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

221.

C. M.

WATTS.

This life a pilgrimage.

- 1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits—no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy ?
- 2 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still ;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.
- 3 There on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit—
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.
- 4 Eternal glory to the king,
Whose hand conducts us through ;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

222.

7s.

BOWRING.

- 1 LEAD us with thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led ;
Speed us on our forward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine,
Seeks a consecrated shrine.
- 2 We are pilgrims, and our goal
Is that distant land whose bourn
Is the haven of the soul ;
Where the mourners cease to mourn,
Where the Saviour's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.

- 3 Lead us thither ! thou dost know
 All the way : but wanderers, we
 Often miss our path below,
 And stretch out our hands to thee ;
 Guide us,—save us,—and prepare
 Our appointed mansion there.

223.

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ a pattern for his followers.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
 I read my duty in thy word ;
 But in thy life the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth—and such thy zeal,
 Such deference to thy Father's will,
 Such love—and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer :
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern—make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here ;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

224.

8s & 7s

ROBINSON.

- 1 SAVIOUR source of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to grateful lays !
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 Thou, to save my soul from danger,
 Didst redeem me with thy blood.

- 3 Oh to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be ;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
- 4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart—oh take and seal it !
Seal it for thy courts above.

225.

L. M.

KEBLE.

Daily self-denial.

- *1 WE need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
As if in solitude alone
God's blessed favor might be won :
- 2 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask :
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 3 Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go :—
The secret this of rest below.
- 4 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

226.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Watchfulness and prayer.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky ;

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill :
Oh may it all my powers engage,
'To do my Master's will !
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give !
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely ;—
Assured if I the trust betray,
I shall forever die.

227.

S. M.

HEATH.

Watchfulness and prayer inculcated.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
'To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray ;
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down :
Thy arduous work will not be done
'Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God ;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

228.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul—stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Blest Saviour—introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun ;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

229.

S. M.

EPIS. COLL.

Soldiers of Christ.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God :

- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.

230.

C. M.

- 1 O GRACIOUS God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 2 Increase my faith—increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
Oh bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 3 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.
- 4 Oh keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

231.

8s, 7s & 4s.

OLIVER.

God the pilgrim's guide and strength.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside :
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

232.

C. M.

LOGAN.

- 1 God of our fathers ! by whose hand
 Thy people still are blest,
 Be with us through our pilgrimage,
 Conduct us to our rest.
- 2 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide ;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.
- 3 Oh spread thy sheltering wings around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode
 Our souls arrive in peace.
- 4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
 Our humble prayers implore ;
 And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
 And portion evermore.

233.

C. M.

ADDISON.

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye :
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

234.

S. M.

TOPLADY.

- 1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

235.

11s.

The promises precious.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge hath fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee; O! be not dismayed,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall
lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

236.

C. M.

STEELE.

Contentment.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

- 2 ' Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.
- 3 Oh, let the hope that thou art mine,
 My life and death attend—
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

237.

C. M.

TOPLADY.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
 And long to fly away:—
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of his love ;
 Sweet to look upward, to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above :—
- 3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;
 Sweet on the covenant of his grace
 For all things to depend :—
- 4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees ;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
 And know no will but his.
- 5 If such the sweetness of the stream,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
 O Lord, direct from thee !

238.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
'Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach home,
My God, my heaven, my all;—
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

239.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream—an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there!
- 3 O glorious hour!—O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

240.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those dangerous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
Oh! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

241.

L. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

Vanity of the world and happiness of heaven.

- 1 How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties,
That bind us to a world like this!
- 2 The evening cloud—the morning dew—
The withering grass—the fading flower—
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour!
- 3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land, whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

212.

7s & 6s.

Forsaking earth for heaven.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise, from transitory things,
To heaven, thy native place :—
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Cease, my soul, oh cease to mourn ;
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies :
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven,
'There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

213.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Pilgrim's song.

- 1[SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing :
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 His hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road ;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.
- 3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head ;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

- 4 March on, in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still ;
With joyful hope still fix your eye
On Zion's heavenly hill.

244.

C. M. SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.

The ways of wisdom.

- 1 O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's faithful voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice !
- 2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years ;
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.
- 4 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

245.

S. M.

WATTS.

Heavenly joy on earth.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

246.

7s.

CENNICK.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

247.

8s.

NEWTON.

- 1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see !
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flower,
Have lost all their sweetness to me.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
- 3 While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine ?
And why are my winters so long ?
- 5 O, drive these dark clouds from my sky !
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
Or take me up to thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

248.

C. M.

WATTS

- 1 As pants the heart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O, God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine !
- 3 Why restless—Why cast down my soul ?
Trust God—and he'll employ
His aid for thee—and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

249.

C. M.

Excellence of Christian Unanimity and Love.

- 1 SPIRIT of peace ! celestial Dove !
How excellent thy praise !
No richer gift than Christian love
Thy gracious power displays.
- 2 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower,
That silently distils,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills :—
- 3 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend,
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

250.

C. M.

SWAIN.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word :—
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart :—
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love :—
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows ;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

- 5 Love is the golden chain, that binds
 The happy souls above ;
 And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
 His bosom glow with love.

251.

7s.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 SWEET the time—exceeding sweet !
 When the saints together meet,
 When the Saviour is the theme,
 When they join to sing of him.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
 Such as did the Father move :
 He beheld the world undone,
 Loved the world—and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love ;
 How he left the realms above,
 Took our nature, and our place,
 Lived and died to serve our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love ;
 With our wretched hearts he strove ;
 Filled our minds with grief and fear,
 Brought the precious Saviour near.
- 5 Sweet the place—exceeding sweet,
 Where the saints in glory meet ;
 Where the Saviour's still the theme,
 Where they see and sing of him.

252.

S. M.

FAWCETT.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love !
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one—
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we are called to part,
 It gives us mutual pain ;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

253.

6s & 4s.

R. PALMER.

Self Consecration.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary ;
 Saviour divine !
 Now hear me while I pray ;
 Take all my guilt away ;
 Oh ! let me from this day
 Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire ;
 As thou hast died for me,
 Oh ! may my love to thee,
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll ;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distress remove :
Oh ! bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

V. FLIGHT OF TIME, DEATH, ETERNITY.

254.

7s & 6s.

S. F. SMITH.

- 1 As flows the rapid river,
 With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
 And hasting to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
 And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going,
 Where calls of mercy cease.
- 2 As moons are ever waning,
 As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
 Bring on the wintry day,
So fast the night comes o'er us—
 The darkness of the grave—
And death is just before us :—
 God takes the life he gave.
- 3 Say, gay one, is thy treasure
 Laid up in worlds above ?
And is it all thy pleasure
 Thy God to praise and love ?
Beware, lest death's dark river
 Its billows o'er thee roll ;
And thou lament forever
 The ruin of thy soul.

255.

7s & 6s.

BURTON.

- 1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb :
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms ;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.
- 2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb :
But the christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty, soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy
Secure in Jesus' love.

256.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
Oh ! be that still pursued !
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
 Swift as the morning light,
 Lest life's young, golden beams should die
 In sudden, endless night.

257. C. P. M. LINSLEY AND DAVIS'S COLL.

Solemn meditation.

- 1 My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
 Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
 Around the steady pole :
 Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
 And I must launch through boundless deeps,
 Where endless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen.
 How swift the moments pass between,
 And whisper as they fly,
 ' Unthinking man, remember this—
 Thou, midst thy sublunary bliss,
 Must groan, and gasp, and die !'
- 3 My soul, attend the solemn call :
 Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
 And thou must take thy flight
 Beyond the vast etherial blue,
 To love and sing as angels do,
 Or sink in endless night.

258. S. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Exhortation to work while it is day.

- 1 THE swift-declining day,
 How fast its moments fly !
 While evening's broad and gloomy shade
 Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
 And use the hours of light ;
 For know, its Maker can command
 An instant, endless night.

3 Give glory to the Lord,
 Who rules the rolling sphere ;
 Submissive, at his footstool bow,
 And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
 Through all the horrid gloom,
 And lead you to unchanging light,
 In your celestial home,

259.**11s.****MUHLENBURG.**

- 1 I WOULD not live away ; I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way :
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live away thus fettered by sin—
 Temptation without, and corruption within :
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live away ; no—welcome the tomb :
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom,
 There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live away, away from his God—
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ?
- 4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul ?

260.

L. M.

BARBAULD.

The peaceful death of the righteous.

- 1 SWEET is the scene when christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest ;
How mildly beams the closing eye !
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing :
O grave ! where is thy victory now,
And where, O death, where is thy sting ?

261.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Reflections on past generations.

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea !—
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity !
- 2 Our fathers ! where are they,
With all they called their own ?—
Their joys and griefs—and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor—gone !
- 3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend !
While we as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
- 4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

262.

C. M.

STEELE.

Admonition to prepare for death.

- 1 LIFE is a span—a fleeting hour—
How soon the vapor flies !
Man is a slender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming, dies.
- 2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs ;
But while we weep o'er comforts fled,
And mourn our withered joys,
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears—
Thy Saviour dwells on high ;
There everlasting spring appears—
There joys shall never die.

263.

C. M.

HEBER.

A warning from the grave.

- 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given :
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven !
- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
- 3 Turn, mortal, turn !—thy danger know :
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead !

- 4 Turn, christian, turn !—thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell,
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live for heaven—or hell !

264.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Why should we start, and fear to die ?—
What timorous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still shrink we back again to life,
Fond of our prison, and our clay.
- 3 Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

265.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
'T was there the Saviour's body lay,
And left a sweet perfume.

- 3 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head ?
- 4 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way ;
Up to the Lord his saints shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

266.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Preparation for Death.

- 1 If I must die, oh ! let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood--
'The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.
- 2 If I must die, oh ! let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.
- 3 If I must die—and die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.
- 4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view ;
'Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

267.

POPE.

The dying christian to his soul.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh ! quit this mortal frame :
'Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh ! the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature—cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life !

2 Hark!—they whisper—angels say,
 ‘ Sister spirit, come away :’
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
 Drowns my spirits—draws my breath?—
 Tell me, my soul—can this be death?

3 The world recedes—it disappears—
 Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring!
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 ‘ O grave! where is thy victory!
 O death! where is thy sting!’

268.

12s.

HEBER.

Farewell to a friend departed.

- 1 Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee;
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
 The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro’ the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the sinless has died.
- 8 Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansions forsaking
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long;
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
 And the song which thou heard’st was the seraphim’s song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave,—but ’t were wrong to deplore thee,
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide,
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
 Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

269.

C. M.

WATTS.

Burial of believers.

- 1 Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead ;—
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are ;
From suffering and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
'The labors of a moral life
End in a large reward.

270.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
'To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds—nor mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept—God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed.
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O earth ! his sovereign word ;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

271.

L. M.

W. SCOTT.

The great day.

- 1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away !—
What power shall be the sinners stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?—
- 2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead ?
- 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

272.

C. WESLEY

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry :
An half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die !

Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible :
A point of time, a moment's space
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

O God mine inmost soul convert !
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress :
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou in clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar :
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom ?

5 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear
 Eternal bliss t'insure :
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale to live
 And reign with thee above !
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full, supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

273.

L. M.

HEBER.

The Lord will come.

- 1 THE Lord will come, the earth shall quake ;
 The hills their ancient seats forsake ;
 And, withering, from the vault of night,
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come ; but not the same
 As once in lowly form he came,—
 A quiet Lamb to slaughter led,—
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come ; a dreadful form,
 With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
 Anointed Judge of human kind.

- 4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride ?
O God, is this the Crucified ?
- 5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain ;
Go seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, " The Lord is come."

274.

8s & 7s.

COLLYER.

- 1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love ;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round th' immortal spirit's head.
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never—never die !
- 4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come ;
There, no fear of woe intruding
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.
- 5 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the graves of those ye love ;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

275.

7s.

S. F SMITH.

Appeals from eternity.

- 1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When—the death-shades o'er thee spread—
Thou hast finished earth's career,
Sinner where wilt thou appear ?
- 2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh where wilt thou be found ?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might ;
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, oh where wilt thou appear ?
- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part ?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found ?
- 5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly ;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer,
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

276.

C. P. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 WHEN, thou my righteous Judge, shall come
To bear thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand ?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand ?

- 2 I love to meet thy people now,
 Before thy feet with them to bow,
 Though vilest of them all ;
 But—can I bear the piercing thought ?—
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shall call ?
- 3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace—
 Be thou my only hiding-place,
 Is this th' accepted day ;
 Thy pardoning voice, oh let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Among thy saints let me be found,
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face ;
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

277. *Reward and punishment.*

- 1 OH where shall rest be found
 Rest for the weary soul ?
 T'were vain the ocean's depth to sound—
 Or pierce to either pole !
- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond the vale of tears,
 There is a life above ;
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love.

- 4 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath :—
 Oh what eternal horrors hang
 Around ' the second death !'
- 5 Thou God of truth and grace !
 Teach us that death to shun ;
 Lest we be banished from thy face,
 Forevermore undone.

278.

L. M.

- 1 ETERNITY is just at hand,
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand ?
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw my inch of time away ?
- 2 Eternity !—tremendous sound !
 To guilty souls a dreadful wound !
 But oh ! if Christ and heaven be mine,
 How sweet the accents ! how divine !
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
 My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
 An interest in the Saviour's blood,
 My pardon sealed, and peace with God.

279.

8s & 6s.

TAPPAN.

Heaven.

- 1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given,
 There is a tear for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast ;—
 'T is found alone in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sins and sorrows driven :
 When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.

- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven ;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

280.

C. M.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

- 1 JERUSALEM ! my happy home !
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end.
In joy, and peace, in thee ?
- 2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end ?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's, bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe ;
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

281.

8s & 6s.

- 1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot :
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear !
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
- 2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from low design,
From every creature love !
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.
- 3 No foot of land do I possess ;
No cottage in this wilderness :
A poor way-faring man ;
I lodge awhile in tents below ;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.
- 4 Nothing on earth I call my own ;
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.
- 5 There is my house and portion fair ;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come !
- 6 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies ;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest !
Now let the pilgrim's journey end ;
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast !

282.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Heavenly Canaan.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes ;—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream—nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

283.

C. M.

MOORE.

Heaven desired.

- 1 THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wings, nor flies
Where idler warblers roam.

2 So grant me, Lord, from every stain
Of sinful passions free,
Through piety's serenest air
To steer my course to thee.

3 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs :
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

284.

C. M.

STEELE

Glories of Heaven.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land !—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !

3 No cloud those blissful regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair !
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 Oh may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love !
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high ;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky

285.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

This mortal shall put on immortality.

- 1 THE blooming flowers of summer pass
With all their charms away ;
The fragrance of the vernal grass
Ends with the vernal ray.
- 2 Yet deep within the sheltering root
The mystic life resides,
Maturing strength for future fruit,
While winter's night abides.
- 3 So life's bright scenes with us may end,
So outward graces fade ;
So with the dust our glories blend,
Our light be changed to shade :
- 4 Yet in the grave these forms of earth
Shall purge their native mould,
And spring again—by heavenly birth—
And fairer powers unfold.
- 5 Oh, dread not then the flow of time ;
For heaven, thy home, prepare ;
So shalt thou rise in form sublime,
And meet thy Saviour there.

286.

C. M.

SIR J. E. SMITH.

Changes of nature types of immortality.

- 1 As twilight's gradual veil is spread
Across the evening sky ;
So man's bright hours decline in shade.
And mortal comforts die.
- 2 Fair summer's bloom and autumn's glow
In vain pale winter brave ;
Nor youth, nor age, nor wisdom know
A ransom from the grave.

- 3 But morning dawns, and spring revives,
 And genial hours return ;
 So man's immortal soul survives,
 And scorns the mouldering urn.
- 4 When this vain scene no longer charms,
 Or swiftly fades away,
 The Christian finds a Saviour's arms,
 Nor dreads the coming day.

287.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The grave.

- 1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found :
 They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
 Low in the ground—low in the ground.
- 2 The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
 No more disturbs their deep repose,
 Than summer evening's latest sigh,
 That shuts the rose—that shuts the rose.
- 3 Ah Christian, long of storms the sport,
 With weary pilgrimage to roam,
 See, thou shalt reach a stormless port,
 A quiet home—a quiet home.
- 4 But shall the dust thy soul confine ?
 The risen Jesus tells thee nay ;
 It, in celestial spheres, shall shine,
 A Star of day—a star of day !

288.

10s.

JONES VERY

God not afar off.

- 1 FATHER ! Thy wonders do not singly stand,
 Nor far removed where feet have seldom
 strayed ;
 Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
 In marvels rich to Thine own sons displayed.

- 2 In finding Thee are all things round us
found !
In losing Thee are all things lost beside !
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.
- 3 Open our eyes that we that world may see !
Open our eyes that we Thy voice may hear !
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel Thy presence with us always near :
- 4 No more to wander 'mid the things of time,
No more to suffer death or earthly change ;
But with the Christian's joy and faith sub-
lime,
Through all Thy vast, eternal scenes to
range.

289.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Home in heaven.

- 1 My Father's house on high !
Home of my soul ! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.
- *2 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Seraphic music pour.
- 3 Ah ! then my spirit faints,
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

290.

C. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

To a spirit in heaven.

- 1 Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now ;
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

- *2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath !
Soul, to its place on high !
They that have seen thy look in death,
Learn how in peace to die.

291.

C. M.

PEABODY.

The dying Christian.

- 1 BEHOLD the western evening light !
It melts in deepening gloom ;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
- 2 The winds breathe low ; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree :—
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.
- 3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !—
'T is like the peace the christian gives
The mourners round his bed.
- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sun-set beam is cast !—
'T is like the memory left behind
When loved ones breath their last.
- 5 And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears ;—
So faith springs in the heart of those,
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.
- 6 But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death,
Shall wake to close no more.

292.

S. M.

S. S. CUTTING.

To a departed spirit.

- 1 SPIRIT ! no restless wing
 'Tempts thee afar to roam ;
Where sin nor woe their shadows fling,
 Thou hast thy lasting home.
- 2 Spirit ! the ark of God,
 The stormy deluge o'er,
Has borne thee to that blest abode,
 Where thou shalt rove no more.
- 3 Spirit ! there safe abide,
 There take thy wished-for rest ;
The stormy deep which thou didst ride
 Shall make that calm more blest.
- 4 Spirit ! we'll haste to thee,
 The tossing wave along,
And join the rapturous minstrelsy
 Of thy seraphic song.

VI. MISSIONS.

293.

7s, & 6s.

HEBER.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?—
Salvation!—oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft—waft, ye winds, his story ;
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 Returns in bliss to reign.

294.

WINCHELL'S SUP.

- 1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
 Salvation in Immanuel's name ;
 To distant climes the tidings bear,
 And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire—
 With holy zeal your hearts inspire ;
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,
 And calm the savage breast to peace.
- 3 And when cur labors all are o'er,
 Then shall we meet to part no more ;
 Meet—with the blood-bought throng to fall,
 And crown our Jesus—Lord of all.

295.

•L. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

Subjections of the Nations to Christ prayed for.

- 1 Soon may the last glad song arise,
 Through all the millions of the skies—
 That song of triumph which records
 That all the earth is now the Lord's !
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdom's be
 Obedient, mighty God, to thee !
 And over land, and stream, and main,
 Now wave the sceptre of thy reign !
- 3 Oh let that glorious anthem swell ;
 Let host to host the triumph tell—
 That not one rebel heart remains,
 But over all the Saviour reigns.

296.

7s & 5s.

S. F. SMITH.

Success of the Gospel.

- 1 THE morning light is breaking ;
The darkness disappears ;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears :
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour :
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.
- 3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above ;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.
- 4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way ;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay :
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home ;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, " The Lord is come."

297.

7s & 6s.

CH. PSALMODY.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along ?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And HIM who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign ?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly ;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply,
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound !

298.

8s, 7s & 4s.

T. COTTEKILL.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul—be still and gaze ;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace !
Blessed jubilee !
Let thy glorious morning dawn !

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary :
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;
 Now, from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night ;
 Let redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day !
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel ;
 Win and conquer—never cease !
 May thy lasting, wide dominions
 Multiply, and still increase :
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around !

299.

6s & 4s.

URWICK'S COLL.

The gospel published to all the world.

- 1 SOUND, sound the truth abroad,
 Bear ye the word of God
 Through the wide world ;
 Tell what our Lord has done,
 Tell how the day is won,
 And from his lofty throne
 Satan is hurled.
- 2 Swiftly on wings of love,
 Jesus, who reigns above,
 Bids us to fly ;
 They, who his message bear,
 Should neither doubt nor fear,
 He will their friend appear,
 He will be nigh.
- 3 When on the mighty deep,
 He will their spirits keep,
 Stayed on his word ;
 When in a foreign land,
 No other friend at hand,
 Jesus will by them stand,
 Jesus their Lord.

- 4 Ye who forsaking all,
 At your loved Master's call,
 Comforts resign ;
 Soon will your work be done,
 Soon will the prize be won,
 Brighter than yonder sun,
 Then shall ye shine.

L. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

300. *Prayer for Christ's reign.*

- 1 SOVEREIGN of worlds ! display thy power,
 Be this thy Zion's favored hour :
 Oh bid the morning-star arise,
 Oh point the heathen to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
 In western wilds, and heathen plains,
 Far let the gospel's sound be known ;
 Make thou the universe thine own.
- Speak ! and the world shall hear thy voice :
 Speak ! and the desert shall rejoice :
 Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
 Bid every nation hail the light.

301.

S. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 O LORD, our God, arise,
 The cause of truth maintain ;
 And wide o'er all the peopled world
 Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
 Nor let thy glory cease ;
 Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
 And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
 Extend thy healing wing,
 And o'er a dark and ruined world,
 Let light and order spring.

- 4 Let all on earth arise,
 To God the Saviour sing,
 From shore to shore—from earth to heaven,
 Let echoing anthems ring !

L M. CH. PSALMODY.

302. *Prayer for the Jews.*

- 1 ARISE, great God ! and let thy grace
 Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race ;
 Restore the long-lost, scattered band,
 And call them to their native land.
- 2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
 Their trespass hide—their pardon seal ;
 O God of Israel ! hear our prayer,
 And grant them still thy love to share.
- 3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
 The sad suspension of thy love ?
 Say—shall thy wrath forever burn ?
 And shall thy mercy ne'er return ?
- 4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
 And wake to joy each grateful heart,
 While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
 Their bliss and full salvation see.

303. C. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Enlargement and glory of the Church.

- 1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God
 In latter days shall rise—
 Above the summits of the hills—
 And draw the wondering eyes.

- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues, shall flow,
 'Up to the mount of God,' they say,
 'And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beams which shine from Zion hill
 Shall lighten every land;
 The King who reigns in Salem's towers
 Shall all the world command.

304.

8s, 7s & 4s.

KELLY.

- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands!
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands:
 Mourning captive!
 God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Lo! thy sun is risen in glory!
 God himself appears thy friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasted triumphs end:
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 3 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 In thy Maker's favor blest;
 All thy conflicts
 End in an eternal rest.

305.

8s, 7s, 4s. VILLAGE HYMNS.

Influences of the Spirit necessary.

- 1 WHO, but thou, almighty Spirit,
 Can the heathen world reclaim?
 Men may preach—but till thou favor,
 Heathens will be still the same:
 Mighty Spirit!
 Witness to the Saviour's name.

- 2 Thou has promised, by the prophets,
 Glorious light in latter days :
 Come, and bless bewildered nations,
 Change our prayers and tears to praise :
 Promised Spirit !
 Round the world diffuse thy rays.
- 3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors,
 Must be vain without thine aid :
 But thou wilt not disappoint us—
 All is true that thou hast said :
 Faithful Spirit !
 O'er the world thine influence shed.

306.

L. M.

- 1 ZION, awake !—thy strength renew,
 Put on thy robes of beauteous hue ;
 Church of our God, arise and shine,
 Bright with the beams of truth divine !
- 2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
 Wide as the heathen nations are,
 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view :
 All shall admire and love thee too.

307.

6s & 8s.

Millenium Hymn.

- 1 ISLES of the South awake !
 The song of triumph sing,
 Let mount and hill and vale
 With hallelujahs ring :
 Shout, for the idol's overthrown,
 And Israel's God is God alone.
- 2 Wild wastes of Afric, shout !
 Your shackled sons are free,
 No mother wails her child,
 'Neath the banana tree.
 No slave-ship dashes on thy shore,
 The clank of chains is heard no more.

- 3 Shout, vales of India, shout !
No funeral fires blaze high.
No idol-song rings loud,
As rolls the death car by:
The banner of the cross now waves
Where christian heralds made their graves.
- 4 Shout, rocky hill, of Greece !
The crested heads lay low ;
No moslem flings his chain,
Around the christian now ;—
But Greek and Moslem join in one
To praise the Saviour, God, the Son.
- 5 Shout, hills of Palestine !
Have you forgot the groan,
The spear, the thorn, the cross,
The wine press trod alone,
The dying prayer that rose from thee,
The garden of Gethsemane ?
- 6 Hail glad millennial day !
O shout, ye heavens above !
To-day the nations sing
The song, redeeming love,
Redeeming love the song shall be ;
Hail blessed year of Jubilee !

308.

8s, 7s & 4s.

S. F. SMITH.

Missionary's farewell.

- 1 Yes, my native land, I love thee ;
All thy scenes I love them well ;
Friends, connections, happy country !
Can I bid you all farewell ?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

- 2 HOME ! thy joys are passing lovely ;
 Joys no stranger-heart can tell !
 Happy home ! 't is sure I love thee !
 Can I—can I say—*Farewell* ?
 Can I leave thee—
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
 Holy days and Sabbath bell,
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure !
 Can I say a last farewell ?
 Can I leave you—
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 4 Yes ! I hasten from you gladly,
 From the scenes I loved so well !
 Far away, ye billows, bear me ;
 Lovely native land, farewell !
 Pleased I leave thee—
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 In the deserts let me labor,
 On the mountains let me tell
 How he died—the blessed Saviour—
 To redeem a world from hell !
 Let me hasten,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean ;
 Let the winds my canvass swell—
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
 While I go far hence to dwell.
 Glad I bid thee,
 Native land !—FAREWELL—FAREWELL !

309.

L. M.

WATTS.

The promised reign of Christ.

- 1 JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
 Does his successive journies run :
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more,

- 2 Behold ! the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings ;
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our king ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen !

310.

11s & 10s.

Zion's glad morning.

- 1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning !
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain !
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by thy prophets of Israel foretold ;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo in the desert, rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along ;
Loud from the mountain-top echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
- 4 See from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high ;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

311.

C. M.

MILTON.

The kingdom of God on earth.

- 1 THE Lord will come and not be slow ;
His footsteps cannot err :
Before him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.
- 2 Truth from the earth, like fairest flower,
Shall bud and blossom then ;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.
- 3 Rise, Lord ! judge thou the earth in might,
This longing earth redress ;
For thou art he, who shall by right
The nations all possess.
- 4 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
- 5 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done :
Thou, in thine everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone !

312.

L. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake !—awake !
Put on thy strength—the nations shake !
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
‘I am Jehovah, God alone !’
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

- 3 Let Zion's time of favor come !
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home !
Soon may our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold !
- 4 Almighty God ! thy grace proclaim
Through every clime—of every name !
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all !

313. L. M. CH. PSALMODY.

False religions supplanted by Christianity.

- 1 O FATHER, let thy kingdom come,
Thy kingdom, built on love and grace !
In every nation give it room,
In every heart afford it place :
The earth is thine—set up thy throne,
And claim the kingdoms as thine own.
- 2 Still nature's awful darkness reigns,
And sinners scorn thy holy fear ;
Still Satan holds the heart in chains,
Where'er thy messengers appear ;
Oh rise, great God, in love, and bless
All nations with thy righteousness.

314. L. M. TAPPAN.

- 1 HARK ! from yon wilds is heard the strain
Of joy and praise ascending high ;
The song of Zion cheers the plain ;
The desert breathes the contrite's sigh.
- 2 Now true religion rears her throne
Where superstition darkly trod ;
And, where his altar was unknown,
Unnumber'd temples rise to God.
- 3 Raise your glad songs, ye choirs, on high :
Salvation to the heathen flows !
Let anthems roll along the sky :
The desert blossoms like the rose !

315.

L. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 **ARISE!** arise.—with joy survey
The glory of the latter day :
Already is the dawn begun
Which marks at hand a rising sun !
- 2 The north gives up—the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store :
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.
- 3 **Auspicious dawn!**—thy rising ray
With joy we view—and hail the day :
Great Sun of Righteousness ! arise,
And fill the world with great surprise.

316.

S. M. HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The coming of Christ in the power of his Gospel.

- 1 **LORD Jesus!** come ; for here
Our path through wilds is laid,
We watch as for the day-spring near,
Amid the breaking shade.
- 2 **Lord Jesus!** come ; for hosts
Meet on the battle plain :
The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.
- 3 **Lord Jesus!** come ; for still
Vice shouts her maniac mirth ;
The famished crave in vain their fill,
While teems the fruitful earth.
- 4 **Hark!** herald voices near,
Lead on thy happier day :
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear ;
We wait to strew thy way.
- 5 Come as in days of old,
With words of grace and power :
Gather us all within thy fold,
And never leave us more.

317.

S. M.

JONES.

The kingdom of God.

- 1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love ;
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign ;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine,
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree ;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, kingdom of our God,
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.

318.

8s & 7s.

URWICK'S COLL.

The dark world enlightened.

- 1 EARTH is but the land of shadows,
Faintly tinged with glow-worm light,
Where the Prince of darkness reigneth,
Presage of eternal night.
- 2 O thou Sun of glorious splendor !
Rise with healing in thy wing ;
Chase away these shades of darkness,
Holy light and comfort bring.

- 3 Take thy power, Almighty Saviour!
 Claim the nations for thine own;
 Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
 Till each heart becomes thy throne.
- 4 Then the earth, o'erspread with glory,
 Decked with heavenly splendor bright,
 Shall be made Jehovah's dwelling—
 As at first, the Lord's delight.

319.

12s.

TAPPAN.

- 1 On the islands that sit in the region of night,
 The lands of despair, to oblivion a prey,
 The morning will open with healing and light,
 And the young star of Bethlehem will ripen to day.
- 2 The altar and idol in dust overthrown,
 The incense forbade that was hallowed with blood,
 The priest of Melchisedec there shall atone,
 And the shrines of the idols be sacred to God.
- 3 The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,
 The day-spring the prophet in vision foresaw,
 When the beams of the day-star illumine each clime,
 And the isles of the ocean shall wait for his law.

320.

8s & 7s.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

- 1 ONWARD, onward, men of heaven!
 Bear the gospel banner high,
 Rest not till its light is given,
 Star of every pagan sky.
 Send it where the pilgrim stranger
 Faint's 'neath Asia's vertic ray;
 Bid the red-brow'd forest ranger
 Hail it ere it fades away.
- 2 Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
 Where the topics fiercely glow,
 Broadly spread its page of wonders,
 Brightly bid its radiance flow.
 India marks its lustre stealing;
 Shivering Greenland loves its rays;
 Afric, mid her deserts kneeling,
 Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

- 3 Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or vassal, bond or free.
Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on hosts the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

321.

L. M.

ASHWORTH.

The spreading gospel.

- *1 TELL, Gospel, tell thy news to man:
Thy stream of life o'er deserts roll;
Oh let thy bonds the wide earth span,
And brethren make from pole to pole.
- *2 Tread, Gospel, through the nations tread,
With every virtue in thy train:
Be all to thy blest freedom led,
And Christ the liberator, reign.
- *3 Spread, Gospel, spread thy growing wings,
Gather the lost from every land;
Oh call them to the king of kings—
Proclaim them his—'t is Christ's command!

322.

S. M.

SCOTT.

The collection consecrated.

- 1 THY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own;
We praise thy providential care,
That showers its blessings down.
- 2 With joy thy people bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
With thankful souls, behold, we pay
A tribute of thine own.

- 3 Oh may this sacrifice
 To thee, the Lord, ascend,
 An odor of a sweet perfume,
 Presented by his hand.
- 4 Well-pleased our God shall view,
 The products of his grace ;
 With endless life shall he fulfill.
 His kindest promises.

323.

11s & 8s.

- 1 THEY have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest
 Where the bones of the prophets are laid ;
 Where the chosen of Israel the promise possessed,
 And Jehovah his wonders display'd.
 To the land where the Saviour of sinners once trod,
 Where he labored and languished and bled ;
 Where he triumphed o'er death, and ascended to God,
 As he captive captivity led.
- 2 They have gone—O, thou Shepherd of Israel—have gone,
 The glad mission in love to restore ;
 Thou wilt not forsake them, nor leave them alone ;
 Thy blessings we humbly implore.
 Thy blessings go with them—Oh be thou their shield
 From the shafts of the fowler that fly ;
 O, Saviour of sinners, thine arm be revealed
 In mercy, in might from on high.

324.

7s.

BOWRING.

- 1 WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.—
 Traveler ! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star !—
 Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?—
 Traveler ! yes ; it brings the day—
 Promised day of Israel.

- 2 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.—
Traveler ! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends !—
Watchman ! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?—
Traveler ! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.—
Traveler ! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease ;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,
Lo ! the Son of God is come !

VII. MISCELLANEOUS.

325.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Invocation.

- 1 SPIRIT of holiness ! descend,
Thy people wait for thee ;
Thine ear in kind compassion lend,
Let us thy mercy see !
- 2 Behold thy weary churches wait,
With wishful, longing eyes—
Let us no more lie desolate ;
Oh, bid thy light arise.
- 3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to thee ;
Let us not feel its rays alone—
Alone thy people be :
- 4 Oh, bring our dearest friends to God ;
Remember those we love ;
Fit them, on earth, for thine abode,
Fit them for joys above.
- 5 Spirit of holiness ! 't is thine
To hear our feeble prayer ;
Come, for we wait thy power divine,
Let us thy mercy share.

326.

S. M.

DWIGHT.

Love to the Church.

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our bless'd Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God ;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
'Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

327.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Church's prayer in time of desertion.

- 1 GREAT shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep—

- 2 Thy church is in the desert now—
Shine from on high—and guide us through ;
Turn us to thee—thy love restore,
We shall be saved—and sigh no more.
- 3 Hast thou not planted with thy hand
A lovely vine in this our land ?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dew enrich the ground ?
- 4 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with their fruit ?
But now, O Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.
- 5 Return, almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn :
Turn us to thee—thy love restore,
We shall be saved—and sigh no more.

328.

L. M. TATE AND BRADY.

- 1 WHEN we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept—with doleful thoughts oppressed,
And Zion was our mournful theme.
- 2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings, neglected hung,
On willow trees that withered there.
- 3 O Salem, our once happy seat !
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let them my trembling hand forget
The tuneful strings with art to move.
- 4 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue ;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliverance is my song.

329.

L. M.

CII. PSALMODY.

- 1 WHY on the bending willows hung,
Israel ! still sleeps thy tuneful string ?—
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing ?
- 2 Awake !—thy sweetest raptures raise ;
Let harp and voice unite their strains ;
Thy promised King his sceptre sways ;
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns !
- 3 No taunting foes the song require :
No strangers mock thy captive chain :
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share :
A heavenly city claims thy song ;
A brighter Salem rises there.
- 5 By foreign streams no longer roam ;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood :
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

330.

L. M.

NEWTON.

Trusting in God.

- 1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
' Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.
- 2 ' Though for a time I hide my face,
Rely upon my love and power :
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

- 3 'Take down thy long-neglected harp;
I've seen thy tears and heard thy prayer;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair.'
- 4 Lord, I obey—my hopes revive;
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing:
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

331.

8s & 7s.

R. PALMER.

- 1 FOUNT of everlasting love!
Rich thy streams of mercy are—
Flowing purely from above;
Beauty marks their course afar.
- 2 Lo, thy church, thy garden now,
Blooms beneath the heavenly shower!
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow:
Mild, yet mighty, is thy power.
- 3 God of grace, before thy throne
Here our warmest thanks we bring;
Thine the glory—thine alone:
Loudest praise to thee we sing.
- 4 Hear, O hear, our grateful song;
Let thy Spirit still descend;
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end.

332.

S. M.

SWAIN.

Gratitude for a revival.

- 1 Who can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high, celestial King
His saving power displays?—

2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall ;
When grace. and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all ?

*3 Who can forbear to praise,
When angel-notes prolong,
O'er sinners turning from their ways,
The high, seraphic song ?

333.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Sabbath school anniversary.

- 1 From year to year in love we meet ;
From year to year in peace we part ;
The tongues of children uttering sweet
The thrilling joy of every heart.
- 2 But time rolls on : and, year by year,
We change, grow up, or pass away :
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.
- 3 Death, ere another year, shall strike
Some in our number, marked to fall :
Be young and old prepared alike ;
The warning is to each, to all.
- 4 This sole occasion then is ours :
This day we ne'er again shall see :
O Lord ! awaken all our powers,
To spend it for eternity.
- 5 Oft broke, our failing ranks renew ;
Send teachers, children, in our place ;
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like thy Son,—from race to race.

334.

C. M.

BRYANT.

Dedication.

- 1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.
- 2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to hide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Securely by thy side.
- 3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way,
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passions dies.

335.

7s.

GREY.

Sabbath School Hymn.

- 1 SUPPLIANT, lo! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
We are weak, Almighty thou.
- 2 With the peace thy word imparts,
Be the taught and teacher blest:
In our lives, and in our hearts,
Father, be thy laws impressed.
- 3 Pour into each longing mind
Light and pardon from above;
Charity for all our land,—
Trusting faith, and holy love.

336.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Sabbath School Hymn.

- 1 GOD scorns not humble things ;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.
- 2 May none who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down,
But all through faith and patience brought
To an immortal crown.

337.

S. M.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Prayer at entering school.

- 1 LORD, lead my heart to learn ;
Prepare my ears to hear ;
And let me useful knowledge seek,
In thy most holy fear.
- 2 If unforgiven sin
Within my bosom lies,
Or evil motives linger there
T' offend thy perfect eyes—
- 3 Remove them far away,
Inspire me with thy love,
That I may please thee here below,
And dwell with thee above.

338.

S. M.

The word sown.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! hear
The notes that children raise ;
To our request bow down thine ear,
And hearken to our praise.
- 2 Within our minds the seed
Of sacred truth is sown ;
But, Lord, the blessing that we need,
Must come from thee alone.

- 3 That seed will buried lie
Till thou the increase give ;
Yet then, although it seem to die,
It shall revive and live.
- 4 Then, though the sower weep,
Ere long, with thankful voice,
Both he who sows and they who reap
Together shall rejoice.
- 5 Thou dost the seed prepare,
And make it spring when sown :
And if a hundred fold it bear,
The praise is all thine own.

339.

H. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

United Praise of Teachers and Children.

- 1 COME, let our voices join
In joyful songs of praise ;
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise :
To God alone all praise belongs—
Our earliest and our latest songs,
- 2 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught :
To God alone your offerings bring ;
Let young and old his praises sing.
- 3 Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with full success ;
Let thousands, yet unborn,
Thy sacred name here bless :
To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee
We'll raise throughout eternity.

340.

C. M.

UNION COLL.

Youthful Praise.

- 1 GREAT God, in whom we live and move.
Accept our feeble praise,
For all the mercy, grace, and love,
Which crown our youthful days.
- 2 For countless mercies, love unknown,
Lord, what can we impart ?
Thou dost require one gift alone—
The offering of the heart.
- 3 Incline us, Lord, to give it thee ;
Preserve us by thy grace,
Till death shall bring us all to see
Thy glory face to face.

341.

C. M.

LOGAN.

Early Instruction.

- 1 How happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice !
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Teaching Little Children.

- 1 O, SAY not, think not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,—
That the young mind at random floats,
And cannot reach the strain.
- 2 Dim and unheard the words may fall,
And yet the heaven-taught mind
May catch the sacred air, and all
The harmony unwind.
- 3 Was not our Lord a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray,
By father dear and mother mild
Instructed day by day ?
- 4 And loved he not of heaven to talk
With children in his sight,
To meet them in his daily walk,
And to his arms invite ?
- 5 What though around his throne of fire
The everlasting chant,
Be wafted from the seraph choir,
In glory jubilant.
- 6 In his own words we Christ adore ;
But angels, as we speak,
Higher above our meaning soar
Than we o'er children weak.
- 7 And yet his words mean more than they,
And yet he owns their praise ;
O, think not that he turns away
From infant's simple lays ?

343.

C. M.

HEBER,

The Holy Child.

- 1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill.
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God !
- 3 O Thou who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own !

344.

L. M. WEST BOSTON COLL.

Hymn for Baptism.

- 1 THIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity !
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.
- 3 O may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law ;
May virtue, piety and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

345.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE,

Dedication of Children to God and Christ.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms ;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms !
- 2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name ;
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

346.

H. M.

BUDDEN.

- 1 COME, let our voices join
 In joyful songs of praise :
 To God, the God of love,
 Our thankful hearts we'll raise.
 To God alone all praise belongs—
 Our earliest and our latest songs.
- 2 Within these hallowed walls
 Our wandering feet are brought,
 Where prayer and praise ascend,
 And heavenly truths are taught.
 To God alone your offerings bring :
 Let young and old his praises sing.
- 3 Lord, let this work of love
 Be crowned with full success ;
 Let thousands yet unborn
 Thy sacred name here bless.
 To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee
 We'll raise throughout eternity.

347.

C. M.

COWPER.

- 1 BESTOW, O Lord, upon our youth
 The gift of saving grace,
 And let the seed of sacred truth
 Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
 Of pure and heavenly root ;
 But fairest in the youngest shows,
 And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, oh, hear betimes
 The voice of saving love !
 Your youth is stained with numerous crimes,
 But mercy reigns above.

- 4 For you the public prayer is made ;
 Oh, join the public prayer !
For you the secret tear is shed ;
 Oh, shed yourselves a tear !
- 5 We pray that you may early prove
 The Saviour's quickening grace ;
'Too young you cannot taste his love,
 Or seek his smiling face.

348.

C. M.

STREPHAM,

For Teachers.

- 1 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
 'To guide untutored youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
 To virtue and to truth.
- 2 Delightful work young souls to win,
 And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin
 'To seek redeeming grace !
- 3 Almighty God, thine influence shed
 To aid this good design :
The honors of thy name be spread,
 And all the glory thine.

349.

L. M.

HAWKESWORTH.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
 I safely passed the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade,—
 I drink again the morning light :
- 2 New-born I bless the waking hour ;
 Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
 And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

- 3 Oh guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are yet to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress ;—
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes ;
Thy light shall give eternal day,
Thy love the rapture of the skies.

350.

L. M.

KEBLE.

Morning.

- 1 Oh ! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !
- 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God. new hopes of heaven.
- *3 Open O Lord, our sin-dimmed eyes
To see these blessings as they rise ;
And help us through the passing day
To live as we this morning pray.

351.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 WHAT secret hand, at morning light,
By stealth unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky ?
- 2 'T is thine, my God, the same that kept
My resting hours from harm ;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.
- 3 'T is thine—my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.
- 4 Oh let that hand uphold me still,
'Through life's uncertain race,
And lead me to that holy hill
Where is thy dwelling-place.

352.

L. M.

KEBLE.

Evening.

- 1 THE sun, that bright and orb'd blaze,
Has faded from our wistful gaze ;
A mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.
- 2 Sun of my soul ! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near :
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
'To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

- 4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

353.

Ss.

EPIS. COLL.

Evening.

- 1 INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou shepherd and guardian divine,
My all to thy covenant care
I, sleeping or waking, resign.
- 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 3 A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand ;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
- 4 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend ;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

354.

C. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 We come at evening's solemn hour,
Low at thy shrine we bend,
To offer up the heart's warm prayer
To thee, our Father, Friend.
- 2 Not high degree nor fame we ask,
No power of worldly form,
But power to foil the snares of vice,
And passion's fitful storm.

- 3 Oh, like the summer's gentle showers,
Let thy pure grace descend ;
Be thou our guide, be thou our hope,
Our Father, and our Friend.
- 4 And let thy hand protect us here ;
Be with us where we stay ;
Guide, guard us through life's narrow path ;
Help us in death's dark way.

355. S. M.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
Oh, may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears ;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
'Till morning light appears.
- 3 And when I early rise,
'To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 4 Lord, when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Oh may I in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love,

356.

S. S. CUTTING.

Family Hymn.

- 1 FATHER! we bless the gentle care,
That watches o'er us day by day,
That guards us from the tempter's snare,
And guides us in the heavenward way :—
We bless thee for the tender love
That mingles all our hearts in one,—
The music of the soul—above
'T is purer spirits' unison.

- 2 Father ! affection speaks to thee—
Oh listen to affection's voice,
And let thy blessing ever be
Alike in all our woes and joys :—
And speaks affection not the less
For absent loved-ones far or near,—
The absent let thy mercy bless
As us who mingle worship here.
- 3 Father ! 't is evening's solemn hour,
And cast we now our cares on thee,
Darkly the storm may round us lower—
Peace is within—Christ makes us free !—
And when life's toil and joy are o'er,
And evening gathers on its sky,
Our circle broke—we sing no more—
Oh may we meet and sing on high !

357.

7s.

EPIS. COLL

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care—from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.
2. Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away :
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee !

358.

L. M.

KENN.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night.
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, oh keep me, king of kings
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done !
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

359.

C. M.

MORAVIAN COLL.

- 1 IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might,
2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove :
Oh, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love !—
3 Or, if this night should prove the last,
And end my transient days ;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

360.

C. M.

H. K. WHITE.

Evening.

- 1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.
2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours ?
Thou wilt, for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.
3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray,
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.
4 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

361.

S. M.

CURTIS' COLL.

- 1 Another day is past—
The hours forever fled ;
And time is bearing me away
To mingle with the dead.
- 2 My mind in perfect peace
My Father's care shall keep :
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.
- 3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stay'd !
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

362.

C. M.

CENNICK.

Sabbath Evening.

- 1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene ;
Blest in perpetual Sabbath-day
Without a veil between ?
- 2 Assist me while I wander here
Amidst a world of cares ;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.
- 5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbaths without end.

363.

C. M.

WATTS.

Advantages of Early Religion.

- 1 HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instructions well ;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
'T is pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower when offered in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'T is easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.
- 4 To thee, almighty God ! to thee
Our childhood we resign :
'T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.
- 5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath :
Thus, we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

364.**S. M.***Youth Invited.*

- 1 My son, know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey ;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.
- 2 Call, while he may be found,
Oh seek him while he's near ;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.
- 3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry ;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.
- 4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven ;
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

365.

L. M.

L. E. LANDON.

Feed my Lambs.

- 1 THE world will come with care and crime,
And tempt too oft the heart astray ;
Still the seed sown in early time
Shall not be wholly cast away.
- 2 The infant prayer, the infant hymn,
Within the darkened soul will rise,
When age's weary eye is dim,
And the grave's shadow round us lies.
- 3 The infant hymn is heard again,
The infant prayer is breathed once more ;
Reclasping thus the broken chain,
We turn to all we loved before.

366.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

A Child's Prayer.

- 1 GREAT God ! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
I but a child,—and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky !
- 2 Art Thou my Father ?—Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee ;
And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.
- 3 Art Thou my Father ?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend ;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.
- 4 Art Thou my father ?—Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in Thy love,
To be Thy better child above.

367.

C. M.

BRIGG'S COLL.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

1 YE joyous ones ! upon whose brow
The light of youth is shed,
O'er whose glad path life's early flowers
In glowing beauty spread ;
Forget not Him whose love hath poured
Around that golden light,
And tinged those opening buds of hope
With hues so softly bright.

2 Thou tempted one ! just entering
Upon enchanted ground,
Ten thousand snares are spread for thee,
Ten thousand foes surround :
A dark and a deceitful band,
Upon thy path they lower ;
Trust not Thine own unaided strength
To save thee from their power.

3 Thou whose yet bright and joyous eye
May soon be dimmed with tears,
To whom the hours of bitterness
Must come in coming years ;
Teach early thy confiding eye
To pierce the cloudy screen,
To look above the storms of life.
Eternally serene.

368.

C. M.

COWPER.

Retirement.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And dearest of thy sacred names,
My Saviour, thou art mine !
- 4 What thanks I owe thee, and what love !
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

369.

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise—their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- *3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.
- 4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blessed above ;
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

370.

7s.

CH. PSALMODY

- 1 Who, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar ;
Who, an ever welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest ?

- 2 He, whose heart thy love has warmed ;
He, whose will to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run ;
He, whose words and thoughts are one ;—
- 3 He, who shuns the sinners road,
Loving those who love their God ;
Who, with hope, and faith unfeigned
Treads the path by thee ordained ;—
- 4 He, who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself has done :—
He, great God, shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessing share.

371.

C. M.

LOGAN.

Trust in God in old age.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain ;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend ;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.
- 3 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend ;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.
- 4 Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore ;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

372.

7s.

ANON.

At Sea.

- 1 LORD! whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of thy hand,
Hide and bring us safe to land.
- 2 Father, let our faithful mind
Rest, on Thee alone reclined:
Every anxious thought repress,
Keep our souls in perfect peace.
- 3 Keep the friends whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea,
Bid them come, by faith, to Thee.
- 4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

373.

7s.

MRS. SIGOU.

Prayer for the Sailor.

- *1 When the parting bosom bleeds,
When their native shore recedes,
When the wild and faithless main
'Takes them to her trust again,
Father! view the sailor's woe—
Guide them wheresoe'er they go.
- 2 When the lonely watch they keep,
Silent on the mighty deep,
While the boisterous surges hoarse
Bear them daily on their course,
Eye that never slumbers! shed
Holy influence on their head.

3 When the Sabbath's peaceful ray
O'er the ocean's breast doth play,
'Though no throngs assemble there,
No sweet church-bell warns to prayer,
Spirit! let thy presence be
Sabbath to th' unresting sea.

4 When the raging billows dark
Thunder round the storm-tossed bark,
'Thou who on the whelming wave
Didst the loved disciples save,
'Thou canst hear them when they pray,—
Jesus, Saviour, be their stay!

371.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Sailor's Hymn.

- 1 Lord of the wide-extended main!
Whose power the winds and seas controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls;
- 2 Throughout the deep Thy footsteps shine;
We own Thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in Thine immensity!

375.

L. M.

BREVIARY.

Night-Watches.

- 1 THROUGHOUT the hours of darkness dim,
Still let us watch and raise the hymn;
And in deep midnight's awful calm,
Pour forth the soul in deepest psalm.
- 2 Amid the silence, else so drear,
Think the Almighty leans to hear;
Well pleased to list, at such a time,
The wakeful heart, in praise sublime.

- 3 Still watch and pray and raise the hymn,
Throughout the hours of darkness dim !
God will not spurn the humblest guest,
But give us of his holy rest.
- 4 Glory to God, who is in heaven !
Praise to His blessed Son be given !
Thee, holy spirit, we implore,
Be with us now and evermore !

376.

6s & 4s.

S. F. SMITH.

National Hymn.

- 1 My country ! 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty—
Of thee I sing :
Land, where my fathers died ;
Land of the pilgrim's pride ;
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring !
- 2 My native country ! thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love :
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song :
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God ! to Thee—
 Author of liberty !
 To thee we sing :
 Long may our land be bright,
 With freedom's holy light—
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King !

377.

7s.

NEWTON.

New Year.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here :
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait ;
 But how little—none can know.
- 2 Spared to see another year,
 Let thy blessing meet us here ;
 Come, thy dying work revive,
 Bid thy drooping garden thrive ;
 Sun of righteousness, arise !
 Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes :
 Let our prayer thy pity move ;
 Make this year a time of love.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live
 With eternity in view ;
 Bless thy word to old and young,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 When our life's short race is run,
 May we dwell with thee above.

378.

C. M.

HEGINBOTHAM.

Praise for Providential Goodness.

- 1 God of our lives, thy various praise
Our voices shall resound :
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.
- 2 To thee shall grateful songs arise,
Our Father and our Friend ;
Whose constant mercies from the skies,
In genial streams descend.
- 3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see :
And, constant as thy favors are,
So let our praises be.
- 4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
To every age, appear ;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.
- 5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wandering souls to God :
In our affliction we shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

379.

8s.

HAWES.

Spring.

- 1 THE winter is over and gone,
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
The lark mounts and warbles away.
- 2 Shall every creature around
Their voices in concert unite,
And I, the most favored, be found
In praising, to take less delight ?

- 3 Awake, then, my harp, and my lute !
 Sweet organs, your notes softly swell !
 No longer my lips shall be mute,
 The Saviour's high praises to tell !
- 4 His love in my heart shed abroad,
 My graces shall bloom as the spring ;
 This temple, his Spirit's abode,
 My joy, as my duty, to sing.

380.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Seasons.

- 1 THE flowery spring, at God's command,
 Perfumes the air, and paints the land :
 The summer rays with vigor shine,
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 2 His hand in autumn richly pours,
 Through all her coasts, redundant stores ;
 And winters, softened by his care,
 No more the face of horror wear.
- 3 The changing seasons, months and days
 Demand successive songs of praise ;
 And be the cheerful homage paid,
 With morning light and evening shade.
- 4 And oh, may each harmonious tongue
 In words unknown the praise prolong,
 And in those brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

381.

8s & 7s.

DODD.

Autumn.

- 1 See the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and withered to the ground ;
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound !—

- 2 'Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming.
Numbered now among the dead.
- 3 'What though yet no losses grieve you,—
Gay with health and many a grace ;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you ;
Summer gives to autumn place.
- 4 On the tree of life eternal
Let our highest hopes be stayed !
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

382.

C. M.

MRS. BROWN.

Solitude.

- 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore ;
And all my cares and sorrows cast,
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.

- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

383.

75

S. S. CUTTING.

Illustrations of Scripture promises.

[Comp. John 4 : 14. 7 : 38.]

- 1 GREEN the hill-side, ever fair,
Where perennial waters are ;
Drought may parch the fields around,
Purling brooks may cease their sound,
But that hill-side verdant still
Tells that springs its bosom fill.
- 2 Ever joyous thus the heart,
Where celestial waters start :
'He that comes in thirst to me,
Drinks of living streams and free ;
Springing in his soul a well
Into heavenly life shall swell.'
- 3 Flowing from that favored hill
Courseth on th' unfailing rill ;
Other brooks may cease their sound,
Fruitless be the fields around,
But along that watered vale
Bloom and beauty cannot fail.
- 4 Ever from the christian heart
Thus shall living waters start :
'He that me believes and loves,
Forth from him, where'er he roves,
Living streams shall richly flow,
Gladdening wastes of human woe.'

384.

C. M.

STEELE.

The Bible suited to the wants of mankind.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines !
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound !
- 5 Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there !

385.

C. P. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 How precious, Lord, thy sacred word !
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls in deep distress !
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids our feet to stray,
Thy promise leads to rest.

- 2 Thy threatenings wake our slumbering eyes.
And warn us where our danger lies ;
 But 't is thy gospel, Lord,
That makes the guilty conscience clean,
Converts the soul, and conquers sin,
 And gives a free reward.

386.

C. M.

WINCHELL'S SUP.

- 1 How precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp, its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way ;
Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

387.

L. M.

KELLY.

Delight in the Scriptures.

- 1 I LOVE the sacred book of God ;
No other can its place supply ;
It points me to the saint's abode,
And lifts my joyful thoughts on high.
- 2 Blest book ! in thee mine eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord ;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love,
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

388.

C. M.

ADDISON.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise :
But oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise !

389.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*' The kingdom of God is as if a man should cast
seed into the ground.'*

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
'To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

- 2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garnerers in the sky.
- 4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry—' harvest home !'

390.

7s.

- 1 CHILD of man, whose seed below,
Must fulfil their race of woe ;
Heir of want, and doubt, and pain,
Does thy fainting heart complain ?
Oh ! in thought, one night recall,
The night of grief in Herod's hall ;
There I bore the vengeance due,
Freely bore it all for you.
- 2 Child of dust, corruption's son,
By pride deceived, by pride undone,
Wiling captive, yet be free,
Take my yoke, and learn of me.
I, of heaven and earth, the Lord,
God with God, the eternal word,
I forsook my Father's side,
Toiled and wept, and bled, and died.

- 3 Child of doubt, does fear surprise,
 Vexing thoughts within thee rise ;
 Wondering, murmuring, dost thou gaze
 On evil men and evil days ?
 Oh ! if darkness round thee lower,
 Darker far my dying hour,
 Which bade that fearful cry awake
 My God, my God, dost thou forsake ?
- 4 Child of sin, by guilt oppressed,
 Heaves at last thy throbbing breast ?
 Hast thou felt the mourner's part,
 Fear'st thou now thy failing heart ?
 Bear thee on, beloved of God,
 Tread the path thy Saviour trod ;
 He the tempter's power hath known,
 He hath poured the garden groan.
- 5 Child of heaven, by me restored,
 Love thy Saviour, serve thy Lord ;
 Sealed with that mysterious name,
 Bear thy cross, and scorn the shame,
 Then, like me, thy conflict o'er,
 Thou shalt rise to sleep no more ;
 Partner of my purchased throne,
 One in joy, in glory one.

391.

L. M.

EPIS COLL.

- 1 As panting in the sultry beam
 The hart desires the cooling stream,
 So to Thy presence, Lord, I flee,
 So longs my soul, O God, for Thee ;
 Athirst to taste Thy living grace,
 And see Thy glory face to face.
- 2 Ah ! why, by passing clouds oppressed,
 Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast ?
 Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,
 Whom never suppliant sought in vain ;
 Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,
 Thy hope, when joy has passed away.

392.

8s, 7s & 6s.

ANGEL VOICES.

- 1 Think gently of the erring !
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled or how well,
Until the hour of sadness came
And sadly thus they fell.
- 2 Think gently of the erring !
O, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.
Heir of the self same heritage !
Child of the self same God !
He hath but stumbled in the path,
'Thou hast in weakness trod.
- 3 Speak gently to the erring !
For is it not enough
'That innocence and peace are gone,
Without thy censure rough ?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin—crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.
- 4 Speak kindly to the erring !
Thou yet may'st lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be,
Deal gently with the erring one
As God hath dealt with thee.

393.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE

Grief over human woes.

- 1 ARISE, my tender thoughts arise ;
Let torrents drown my weeping eyes ;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human beings sunk in shame ;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name ;
See God insulted through his Son,
The world abused—the soul undone.
- 3 My heart with reverence hears thy word,
And trembles at thy threatenings, Lord ;
I know the wretched, dreadful end,
To which their careless steps descend :
- 4 But feeble my compassion proves,
It can but weep, when most it loves ;
Great God ! thy saving grace employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

394.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION ! oh, melodious sound,
To wretched, dying men !
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.
- 2 But may a poor bewildered soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye,
To blessings so divine ?
- 3 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears ;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

- 4 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
 These dying hopes can raise ;
 Speak thy salvation to my soul
 And turn my prayer to praise.

395.

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

Ashamed of Christ.

- 1 ASHAMED of Christ ! my soul disdain
 The mean, ungenerous thought :
 Shall I disown, that Friend, whose blood
 To man salvation brought ?
- 2 To bear his name—his cross to bear—
 The highest honor this !
 Who nobly suffers now for him
 Shall reign with him in bliss.
- 3 But should we, in the evil day,
 From our profession fly,
 Jesus, the Judge, before the world,
 The traitor will deny.

396. [L. M. omitting the short line] S. F. SMITH

Gethsemane.

- 1 BEYOND where Kedron's waters flow,
 Behold the suffering Saviour go,
 To sad Gethsemane ;
 His countenance is all divine,
 Yet grief appears in every line.
- 2 He bows beneath the sins of men—
 He cries to God, and cries again,
 In sad Gethsemane ;
 He lifts his mournful eyes above—
 "My Father, can this cup remove"

- 3 With gentle resignation still,
 He yielded to his Father's will,
 In sad Gethsemane ;
 'Behold me here, thine only Son,
 And, Father, let thy will be done.'
- 4 The Father heard—and angels, there,
 Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
 In sad Gethsemane ;
 He drank the dreadful cup of pain—
 Then rose to life and joy again.

397.

7s & 6s.

HEBER.

Marriage Hymn.

- 1 WHEN on her Maker's bosom
 The new-born earth was laid,
 And nature's opening blossom
 Its fairest bloom displayed ;
 When all with fruit and flowers
 The laughing soil was drest,
 And Eden's fragrant bowers
 Received their human guest :
- 2 No sin his face defiling
 The heir of nature stood,
 And God, benignly smiling,
 Beheld that all was good !—
 Yet in that hour of blessing,
 A single want was known ;
 A want the heart distressing ;
 For Adam was alone !
- 3 O God of pure affection !
 By men and saints adored,
 Who gavest thy protection
 To Cana's nuptial board ;
 May such thy bounties ever
 To wedded love be shown,
 And no rude hand dis sever
 Whom thou hast linked in one !

398.

8s & 7s.

COLLYER.

Faith I need.

1 FAITH I need ; O Lord, bestow it,
Give my laboring mind relief--
Oft, alas ! I doubt—I know it—
Help, oh help my unbelief !

2 Dearest Saviour, by thy merit,
May I gain a future crown—
Guide, oh guide me by thy spirit,
Till these storms are overblown.

399.

C. M.

HERBERT.

The imperishable blessedness of the gospel.

1 SWEET Day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky ;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas, must die.

2 Sweet Rose ! in air whose odors wave,
And color charms the eye ;
Thy root is even in its grave,
And thou, alas, must die.

3 Sweet Spring ! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie ;
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou too, alas, must die.

4 Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly ;
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
This lives, and cannot die.

400.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The man of grief.

- 1 A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Wither he went, or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.
- 2 Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered ; not a word he spake ;
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all ; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again ;
Mine was an angel's portion then ;
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.
- 3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;
The heedless water mocked his thirst ;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on :—
I ran, and raised the sufferer up ;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup.
Dipped, and returned it running o'er ;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

401.

7s & 6s.

Invitation to prayer.

- 1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Cast earthly thought away :
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

- 2 Remember all who love thee,¹
All who are loved by thee,
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be ;
Then, for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition,
The dear Redeemer's name.
- 3 Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that he hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer :
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall ;
Remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

402.

8s & 7s.

TAYLOR.

Praise.

- 1 SAINTS, with pious zeal attending,
Now a graceful tribute raise ;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.
- 2 Round Jehovah's footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls ;
Here his milder grace revealing,
Here his wrath no thunder rolls.
- 3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, oh seize the proffered blessing,
Grace from God and peace within.
- 4 Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise ;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

403.

H. M. LINSLEY & DAVIS'S COLL.

God hearing prayer.

- 1 O Thou that hearest prayer !
Attend our humble cry ;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high ;
We plead the promise of thy word,
Grant us thine Holy Spirit, Lord !
- 2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry ;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply ;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father thou—
We—children of thy grace—
Oh let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place ;
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

404.

78.

MRS HEMANS.

All must pray.

- 1 CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently ;
- 2 Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy daily toil to leave ;
Pray ! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !
- 3 Traveler in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;

- 4 Captive, in whose narrow cell
 Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
 Sailor, on the darkening sea,
 Lift the heart, and bend the knee !
- 5 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
 Kindred by one holy tie,
 Heaven's first star alike ye see ;
 Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

405.

C. M.

EPIS. COLL.

To Youth.

- 1 Oh, in the morn of life, when youth
 With vital ardor glows,
 And shines in all the fairest charms
 That beauty can disclose,—
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
 Are yet by vice enslaved,
 Be thy Creator's glorious name,
 And image, deep engraved :
- 3 True wisdom early sought and gained,
 In age will give thee rest ;
 Oh then, improve the morn of life,
 To make its evening blest.

406.

7s & 6s.

S. F. SMITH.

- 1 REMEMBER thy Creator,
 While youth's fair spring is bright ;
 Before thy cares are greater,
 Before comes age's night ;
 While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
 While stars the darkness cheer ;
 While life is all before thee,
 Thy great Creator fear.

- 2 Remember thy Creator,
Before the dust returns
To earth—for 't is its nature—
And life's last ember burns :
Before, with God who gave it,
The spirit shall appear ;
He cries, who died to save it,
Thy great Creator fear.

447.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christian courage.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord !
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

448.

C. M.

COLLYER.

Consolation. Luke 24 : 53, 51,

- 1 IT is the voice of love divine
That strikes the listening ear,
That soothes his mourning follower's grief,
And wipes the falling tear.
- 2 'Because I leave this world'—he cries,
'Your weeping eyes o'erflow ;
But though I seek my native skies,
My heart remains below.'

- 3 My spirit shall descend, and rest
Upon each faithful head,
Till I, your Lord, return to call
My servants from the dead.
- 4 He said—and lifting up his hands,
Pronounced his parting prayer ;
When lo, a bright descending cloud
Conveyed him through the air.

409.

C. M. LINSLEY & DAVIS'S COLL.

Can we forget.

- 1 JESUS ! thy love shall we forget ;
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find ?
- 2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer ;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair ?
- 3 Gethsemane, can we forget
Thy struggling agony—
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee ?
- 4 Can we the plaited crown forget,
The buffeting and shame ;
When hell thy sinking soul beset,
And earth reviled thy name ;
- 5 The nails, the spear, can we forget ;
The agonizing cry—
‘ My God ! my Father ! wilt thou let
Thy son forsaken die ?’
- 6 Life’s brightest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love ;
But HE, who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

410.

C. M.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The certain harvest.

- 1 ALL hail! ye servants of the Lord,
On mercy's mission bound,
Who, like the sower of the word,
Strew precious gifts around.
- 2 What though your seed 'mid thorns be sown,
Where tares and brambles thrive?
Still One is able, One alone,
To save its germ alive.
- 3 Ye fear what falls on stony earth
Will mock your prayerful toil;
But sometimes plants of holiest birth
Bear fruit in sterile soil.
- 4 The seed that by the way-side fell
Perchance you counted dead;
Yet birds that sing in heaven may tell
They on its sweetness fed.
- 5 And some an hundred fold shall bear
Unto the harvest's Lord:
How blessed, then, will be your care!
How glorious your reward!

411.

L. M.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

'Only this once.' Ex. 10: 17.

- 1 'ONLY this once.'—The wine-cup glow'd,
All sparkling with its ruby ray;
The gleeful shout and welcome flow'd,
And folly made the revel gay.
- 2 Then he, so long, so deeply warned,
The sway of conscience rashly spurned,
His promise of repentance scorned,
And, coward-like, to vice returned.

- 3 'Only this once.'—The tale is told.
He wildly quaffed the poisonous tide—
With more than Esau's madness sold
The birthright of his soul—and died.
- 4 I do not say that breath forsook
The clay, and left its pulses dead ;
But reason in her empire shook,
And all the life of life was fled.
- 5 'Only this once.'—Beware, beware !
Gaze not upon the blushing wine !
Oh, fly temptation's syren snare,
And prayerful seek for strength divine.

412.

C. M.

'I will be glad in the Lord.'

- 1 WHEN morning's first and hallowed ray
Breaks with its trembling light,
To chase the pearly dew away,
Bright tear-drops of the night,—
- 2 My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,
But rises gladly free,
On wings of everlasting love
And finds its home in THEE.
- 3 When evening's silent shades descend,
And nature sinks to rest,
Still to my Father, and my Friend,
My wishes are addressed.
- 4 And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom,
Above, around, is spread,
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom
Are hovering o'er my head.
- 5 I dream of that fair land, O Lord,
Where all thy saints shall be ;
I wake to lean upon thy word,
And still delight in THEE.

413.

11s.

CUNNINGHAM.

The ministry of angels.

- 1 How cheering the thought that the spirits in bliss,
Should bow their bright wings to a world such as this!
And leave the sweet songs of the mansions above
To breathe o'er our bosom their errands of love!
- 2 They come—on the wings of the morning they come,
To convoy the stranger in peace to his home;
The pilgrim to waft from this stormy abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

414.

L. M. 6.

The gospel adapted to give peace and rest.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan,
Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo;
Cease thy complaint—suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
Unburthen here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God:
He is thy Saviour—glorious word!
Forever love and praise the Lord.

415.

C. M. MOTHER'S HYMN BOOK.

Hymn for maternal meetings.

- 1 WITHIN these quiet walls, O Lord,
A fond maternal band
Have met, thy goodness to record,
And seek thy guiding hand.
- 2 Oft when we talk, our burning hearts
Break from the earth away;
While faith its holy strength imparts,
And hope its heavenly ray.

- 3 If e'er a mother's prayerful strain
 Hath gained a listening ear,
 Oh ! Saviour, now in mercy deign
 Our ardent cry to hear.
- 4 'T is for our children, Lord, we plead,
 Dear objects of our care :
 Dangers on every side are spread ;—
 Save them from every snare.
- 5 O thou blest guardian ! walk beside
 Life's river as it rolls ;
 Light the dark stream o'er which they glide,
 And cleanse and save their souls.

416.

7s.

ST. GREGORY.

A Blessing Implored.

- 1 SOURCE of light and life divine !
 Thou didst cause the light to shine ;
 Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
 O'er thy new created earth.
- 2 May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
 Lose the way to endless rest ;
 May no thoughts, corrupt and vain,
 Draw our souls to earth again.
- 3 Rather lift them to the skies,
 Where our much-loved treasure lies,
 Help us in our daily strife,
 Make us struggle into life.

417.

C. M. MOTHER'S HYMN BOOK.

The same.

- 1 GREAT God, we would to thee make known,
 Each fond maternal care ;
 For this we come before thy throne,
 And bring our children near.

- 2 We ask not riches, honor, fame,
Or aught the world can give ;
May they but glorify thy name,
And for thy kingdom live.
- 3 This is the burthen of our prayer,—
And when from us they're riven,
May they be objects of thy care,
And heirs at last of heaven.

418. S. M. MOTHER'S HYMN BOOK.

The same.

- 1 THOU God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear,
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.
- 2 Our children take to-day,
O Shepherd of thy flock !
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten rock.
- 3 Thy saving health impart,
O Comforter divine ;
Now make these children pure in heart,
Make them entirely thine.
- 4 To-day in love descend,
Oh come this precious hour ;
In mercy now their spirits bend,
By thy resistless power.

419. C. M. MOTHER'S HYMN BOOK.

The same.

- 1 O LORD, behold us at thy feet,
A needy sinful band ;
As suppliants round the mercy-seat,
We come at thy command.

- 2 'T is for our children we would plead,
The children thou hast given ;
Where should we go in time of need,
But to the God of heaven ?
- 3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife :
But in the all-prevailing name,
We ask eternal life.
- 4 We crave the Spirit's quickening grace
To make them pure in heart ;,
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

420.

C. M.

The Lord's my Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie ;
In pastures green, he leadeth me,
The quiet waters by :
- 2 My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make,
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.

421.

8s & 7s.

A. C. COXE.

Morning or evening worship.

- 1 WHEN my voice at morn and even,
Seeks, oh Lord, thy gracious ear—
Let the incense waft to heaven,
Hear the vow—accept the tear.
- 2 Oh ! from fault and hourly weakness,
Guard me first, and then forgive ;
Saviour, let thy love and meekness ;
Clothe my spirit while I live.

- 3 Eve to eve, and morn to morning,
 Heaven on earth shall thus display,
 Till I change, at thy sweet warning,
 Heaven for earth, and night for day.

422.

7s.

CHURCHMAN

- 1 'T is the hour when silent thought
 Cometh with my follies fraught ;
 And my soul within me dies ;
 Yet to heaven I lift mine eyes,
 Sighing, as I bow to thee—
 Jesus ! Saviour, pity me !
- 2 Pity, Lord ! by all the woe
 Thou, thyself, didst bear below ;
 Pity, Lord, the child of dust—
 Free, from each deceiving lust,
 Him, who sorrowing cries to thee—
 Jesus ! Saviour, pity me !
- 3 From thy flock, a straying lamb,
 Tender Shepherd, though I am ;
 Now, upon the mountain cold,
 Lost, I long to gain the fold,
 And within thine arms to be ;—
 Jesus ! Saviour, pity me !
- 4 Oh ! where stillest streams are poured,
 In green pastures, lead me, Lord !
 Bring me back, where angels sound
 Joy to the poor wanderer found—
 Evermore my Shepherd be ;—
 Jesus ! Saviour, pity me !

423.

7s & 4s.

GEMS.

Support in death.

- 1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way :
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.
- 2 Upward from this dying state.
Bid my waiting soul aspire ;
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre :
Then triumphant,
I will join th' immortal choir.

424.

8s.

COWPER.

Longing to depart.

- 1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore ;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power :—
- 3 Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee ;
Oh strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline :—

- 5 Oh then shall the veil be removed
 And round me thy brightness be poured ;
 I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
 Whom not having seen I adored.

425.

8s.

ANDREW REED.

Heaven desired.

- 1 Oh lend me the wings of a dove,
 To fly from these regions of woe ;
 My hopes and my joys are above,
 And thither my spirit would go.
 I long with my Saviour to rest,
 Beyond the assault of my foes,
 And lean with a smile on his breast ;—
 No pillow can yield such repose.
- 2 How pleased and how blessed should I be,
 To gaze on his beauteous face ;
 While love and compassion to me
 Lend every expression a grace ;—
 No cloud should bewilder my sight,
 No sigh from my heart should arise ;
 But filled with ecstatic delight,
 All tears should be wiped from my eyes
- 3 Ah, then I should cease to offend
 The Saviour I love and adore ;
 His grace, without limit or end,
 Should reign in my heart evermore !
 All pure as the angels above,
 Each thought should exult in his name ;
 Each passion resigned to his love,
 With rapture his praise should proclaim

426.

C. M.

H. K. WHITE.

The Resurrection.

- 1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path
 Amid the deepening gloom,
 We, soldiers of an injured King,
 Are marching to the tomb.

- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie,
Far o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.
- 5 These ashes too, this little dust,
Our father's care shall keep.
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.
- 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

427.

7s & 6s.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

In sickness.

- 1 BEFORE thy footstool kneeling,
To thee, O Lord, we cry,
While for thy gift of healing,
We raise our voice on high:
Diseases and afflictions
Thy ready servants are;—
Chastisements and corrections,
To quicken us in prayer.

2 We own our guilt and folly,
 But thou canst still forgive ;
 And thou, most high and holy,
 Canst bid the sick revive :
 Though now cast down in sorrow,
 In darkness and distress,
 Joy may return to-morrow,
 Through thy restoring grace.

3 As suppliants now before thee,
 In thy great name we plead ;
 Physician, we adore thee,
 And trembling ask thine aid :
 Before thy footstool kneeling,
 To thee, to thee we cry ;—
 Send down thy gift of healing,—
 On thee our souls rely.

428.

8s & 7s. [Peculiar.] U. S. PSALMODY.

Invocation.

1 LIGHT of lights ! our path illuming,
 Gently now thy radiance shed ;
 That 'mid flowers forever blooming,
 We in bliss may joyful tread ;
 From the gloom that lies before us,
 To thy brightness now restore us,
 While we bow the humble head.

2 King of kings ! who, ruling kindly,
 Bear'st a sceptre giving grace—
 Let us not forever blindly
 Turn away and shun thy face ;
 May we always in submission,
 Rise to thee our soul's petition,
 In thine earthly dwelling-place.

- 3 Stream of streams ! so gently flowing,
Let us feel thy cleansing wave,
When the breath of love is blowing
O'er life's waters, till they lave
Every breast that needs their healing ;
Wash away each sinful feeling,
Purify our souls and save.
- 4 Sun of suns ! our pathway cheering,
With thine holy, heavenly light,
Shine, oh shine when we are fearing,
When the lightning flasheth bright ;
Rise and bless 'mid wildest dangers.
Guide us, poor bewildered strangers,
Dawning through our darksome night.
- 5 Star of stars ! so brightly glowing
Mid the dreariest gloom around ;
Unto every sinner showing
Where the way of life is found ;
On our path still sweetly shining,
Banish every dark repining,
Till in us all joys abound.

429.

L. M.

EPIS. COLL

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 FATHER of all ! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy pardoning love extend,
- 2 Almighty Son ! incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ,
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !
 Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

430.

Peculiar. SACRED MINSTREL.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining,
 Father in heaven, the day is declining ;—
 Safety and innocence fly with the light,
 Temptation and danger walk forth with the night.
 From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
 Shield me from danger, save me from crime.
- 2 Father in heaven, oh, hear when we call,
 Hear for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all ;
 Feeble and fainting we trust in thy might,
 In doubting and darkness thy love be our light ;
 Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns ;
 Wake in thine arms when the morning returns.

431.

8s.

ANDREW REED.

Looking to Christ.

- 1 DEAR Saviour ! attend to my prayer,
 That seeks for relief in a sigh ;
 Fain would I deposit my care,
 On 'the Rock that is higher than I.'
 My fears and my sorrows abound,
 The storm of affliction runs high,
 And safety alone can be found
 In 'the Rock that is higher than I.'
- 2 My foes have encircled my way ;
 Unable to stand or to fly,
 I look with distress and dismay,
 To 'the Rock that is higher than I.'
 My sins and transgressions appear,
 And tell me that vengeance is nigh ;
 Oh hide me from all that I fear,
 In 'the Rock that is higher than I.'

3 Perplexed, overwhelmed, and oppressed,
 I scarcely can utter a cry ;
 Dear Saviour ! come, lead me to rest
 On 'the Rock that is higher than I.'
 Then I'll smile in the midst of my woes,
 And cast a fond look to the sky,
 And shout with my foot on my foes,
 To 'the Rock that is higher than I.'

432. 8s, 7s & 4s. RIPPON'S SEL.
Dismission.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with love and praise,
 Let us each thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace,
 O refresh us !
 Traveling through this wilderness.

433. 8s & 7s. NEWTON.
Doxology.

1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above !
 2 Thus may we abide in union,
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

434. 8s & 7s. ANONYMOUS.
Go in Peace.

1 Go in peace—serene dismissal
 To the loving heart made known,
 When it pours in deep contrition
 Prayer before the eternal throne.

- 2 Go in peace ! thy sins forgiven,
 Christ hath healed thee, set thee free ;
 Every spirit-fetter riven,
 Go in peace, and liberty !

435.

8s & 7s.

BICKERSTETH.

Closing Hymn.

- 1 ISRAEL'S Shepherd, guide me, feed me,
 Through my pilgrimage below,
 And beside the waters lead me,
 Where thy flock rejoicing go.
- 2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
 Meekly kneeling, I implore ;
 I have found thee, and would never,
 Never wander from thee more.

436.

L. M.

WATTS.

Doxology.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

THE END.

